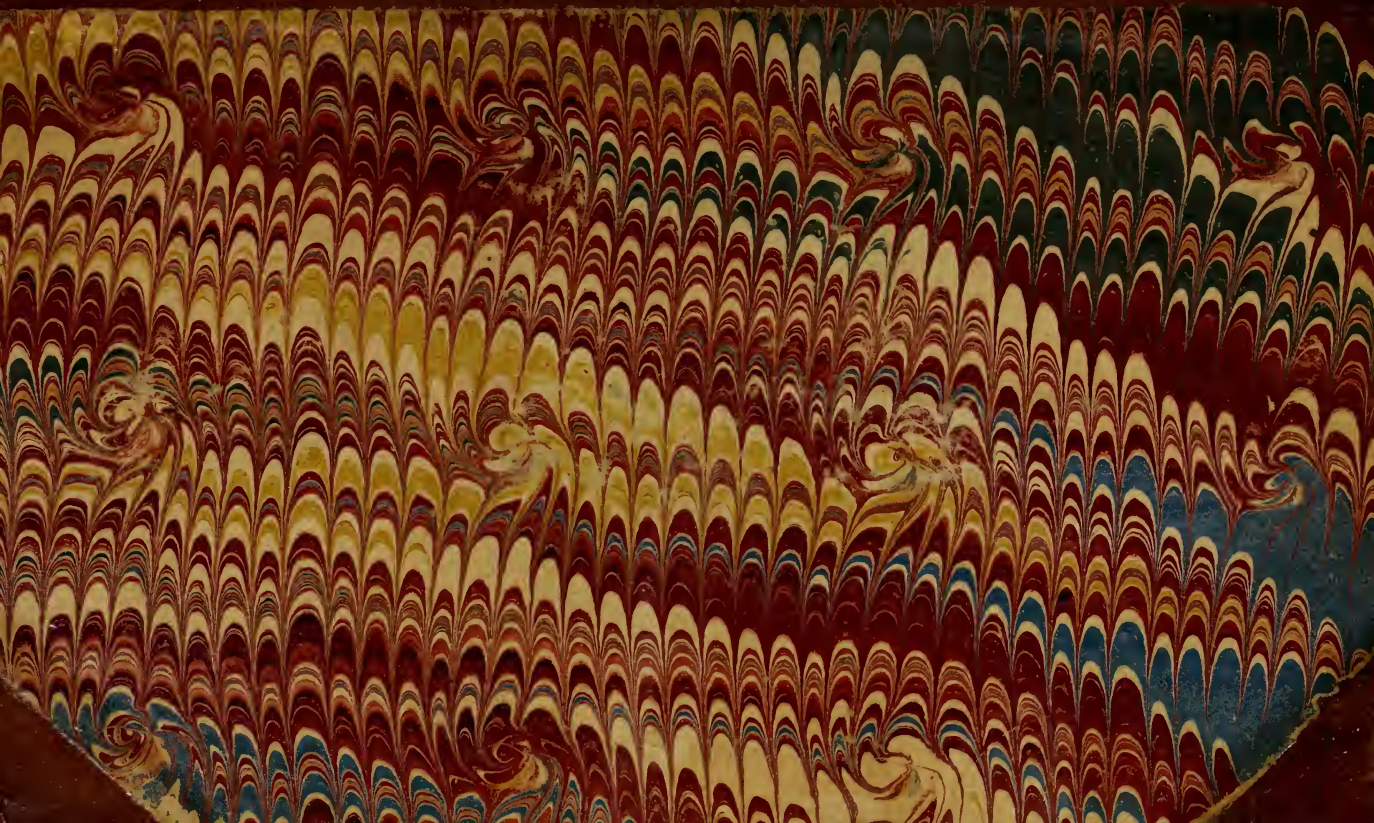
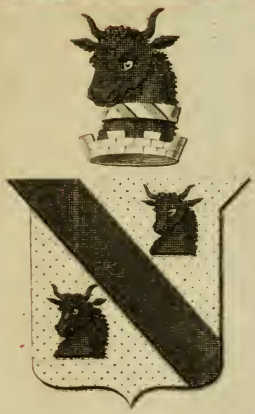
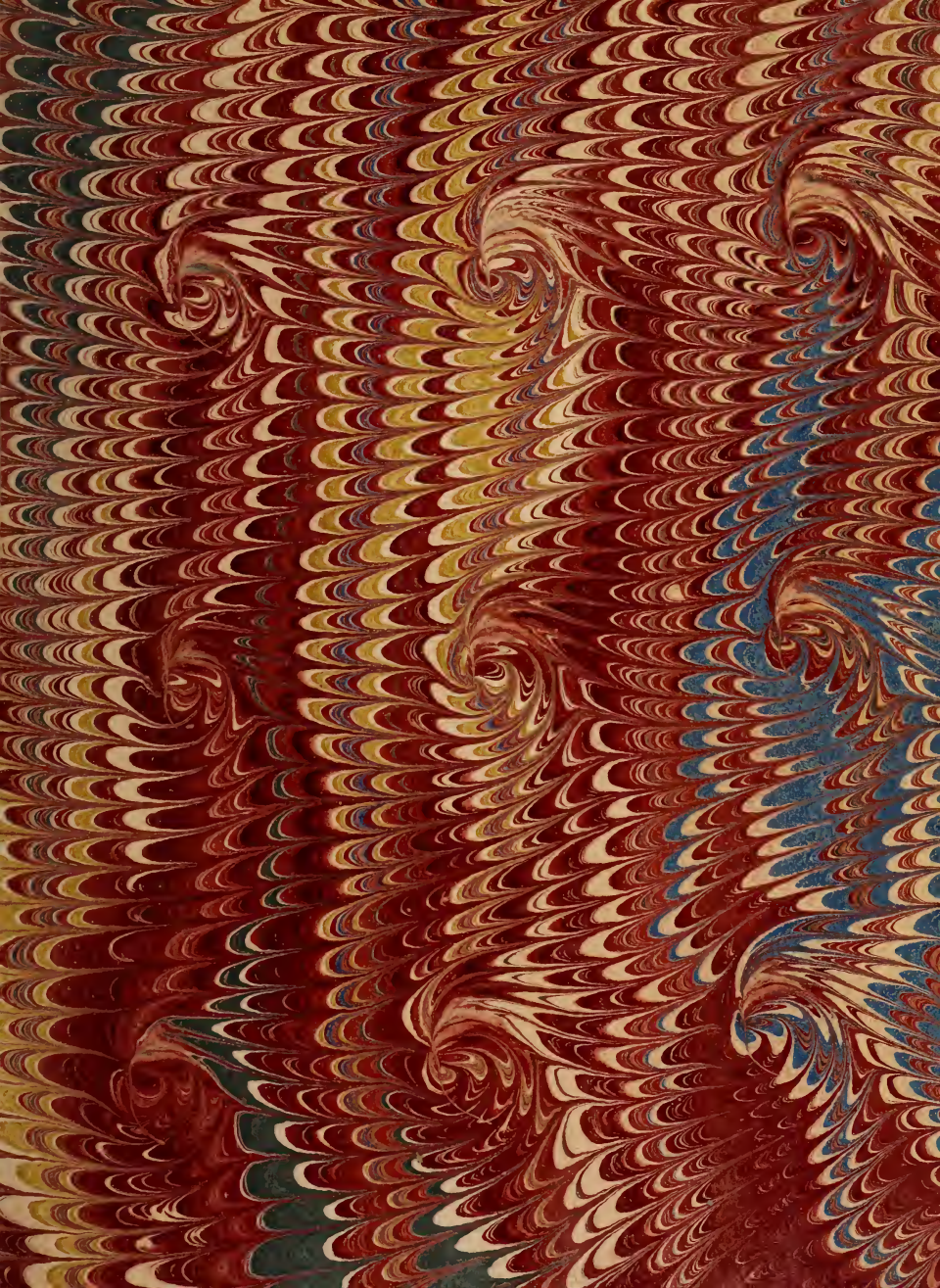




William Holgate.



THE REVENGE OF *Bussy D'Ambois.*

A TRAGEDIE.

As it hath beene often presented at the priuate Play-house in the White-Fryers.

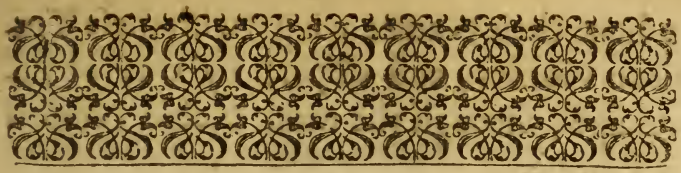
Written

By GEORGE CHAPMAN, Gentleman.

First Edition.

N.B. This is not, as is supposed, the same Play as Bussy d'Ambois by G. Chapman.

LONDON:
Printed by *T. S.* and are to be solde by IOHN HELME,
at his Shop in S. Dunstones Church-yard,
in *Fleetstreet.* 1613.



TO THE RIGHT VERTVOVS, AND truely Noble Knight, Sr. *Thomas Howard, &c.*

Sir,

Ince VVorkes of this kinde haue beene lately esteemed worthy the Patronage of some of our worthiest Nobles, I haue made no doubt to preferre this of mine to your vndoubted Vertue, and exceeding true Noblesse : as contayning matter no lesse deseruing your reading, and excitation to Heroycall life, then any such late Dedication. Nor haue the greatest Princes of Italie, and other Countries, conceiued it any least diminution to their greatnesse,

to haue their Names wing'd with theſe Tragicke Plumes, and diſperſt by way of Patronage, through the moſt Noble Notices of Europe.

Howſoeuer therefore in the Scænicall preſentation, it might meete with ſome maligners, yet conſidering, euen therein, it paſt with approbation of more worthy iudgements; the Ballance of their ſide (eſpecially being held by your impartiall hand) I hope will to no graine abide the out-weighing. And for the autenticall truth of eyther perſon or action, who (worth the reſpecting) will expect it in a Poeme, whoſe ſubiect is not truth, but things like truth? Poore enuious ſoules they are that cauill at truths want in theſe naturall fictions: materiall inſtruction, elegant and ſententious excitation to Vertue, and deflection from her contrary; being the ſoule, lims, and limits of an autenticall Tragedie. But whatſoeuer merit of your full countenance and fauour ſuffers defect in this, I ſhall ſoone ſupply with ſome other of more generall account: wherein your right vertuous Name made

famous

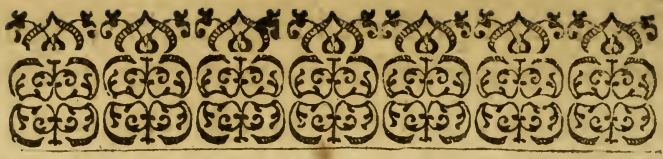
famous and preſerued to poſteritie, your future comfort and honour in your preſent acceptation, and loue of all vertuous and diuine expreſſion; may be ſo much paſt others of your Rancke encreaſt, as they are ſhort of your Iudiciall Ingenuitie, in their due eſtimation.

For, howſoeuer thoſe Ignoble and ſowre-brow'd VVorldlings are careleſſe of whatſoeuer future, or preſent opinion ſpreads of them; yet (with the moſt diuine Philoſopher, if Scripture did not confirme it) I make it matter of my Faith; that we truely retaine an intellectuall feeling of Good or Bad after this life; proportionably anſwerable to the loue or neglect we beare here to all Vertue, and truely-humane Inſtruction: In whoſe fauour and honour I wiſh you moſt eminent; And reſt euer.

Your true Vertues

moſt true obſeruer,

Geo. Chapman.



The Actors names.

Henry, the King.
Monsieur, his Brother.
Guise. D.
Renel, a Marquesse.
Mont sureau, an Earle.
Baligny, Lord Lieutenant.
Clermont, *D'Ambois.*
Maillard.
Challon. } Captaines.
Aumal.
Espernone.

Soissone.
Perricot.
The *Guard.*
Souldiers.
Seruants.

The ghost of { *Bussy.* *Monsieur.* *Guise.* *Card. Guise.* *Shattilion.*

Countesse of Cambray.
Tamyra, wife to Mont sureau.
Charlotte, wife to Baligny.
Rioua, a Seruant.

THE

THE REVENGE OF *Bussy D'Ambois.*

A TRAGEDIE.

Actus primi Scæna prima.

Enter *Baligny, Renel.*

Baligny.

TO what will this declining Kingdome turne,
Swindging in euery license, as in this
Stupide permission of braue D'Ambois Murther?
Murther made paralell with Law? Murther vs'd
To serue the Kingdome, giuen by suta to men
For their aduancement? suffered scarcrow-like
To fright adulterie? what will policie
At length bring vnder his capacitie?

Rene. All things: for as when the high births of Kings
Deliuerances, and Coronations,
We celebrate with all the Cities Bels
(Iangling together in vntun'd confusion:)
All order'd Clockes are tyed vp: so when Glory,
Flatterie, and smooth applauses of things ill,
Vphold th'inordinate swindge of downe-right power,
Iustice, and truth, that tell the bounded vse,
Vertuous, and well distinguisht formes of Time,

Are gag'd and tongue-tide, but wee haue obſeru'd
Rule in more regular motion: things moſt lawfull
Were once moſt royall, Kings ſought common good
Mens manly liberties, though ne'er ſo meane,
And had their owne ſwindge ſo: more free, and more,
But when pride enter'd them, and Rule by power,
All browes that ſmil'd beneath them, frown'd; hearts grieu'd,
By imitation; vertue quite was vaniſht,
And all men ſtudi'd ſelfe-loue, fraud, and vice,
Then no man could be good but he was puniſht:
Tyrants being ſtill more fearefull of the good
Then of the bad; their ſubiects vertues euer
Manag'd with curbs, and dangers, and eſteem'd
As ſhadowes, and detractions to their owne.

Bal. Now all is peace, no danger: now what followes?
Idleneſſe ruſts vs; ſince no vertuous labour
Ends ought rewarded: Eaſe, Securitie
Now all the Palme weares, wee made warre before
So to preuent warre, men with giuing gifts
More then receiuing, made our Countrey ſtrong;
Our matchleſſe race of Souldiers then would ſpend
In publike warres, not priuate brawles, their ſpirits;
In daring Enemies, arm'd with meaneſt armes;
Not courting ſtrumpets, and conſuming birth-rights
In Apiſhneſſe, and enuy of attire.
No labour then was harſh, no way ſo deepe,
No rocke ſo ſteepe, but if a Bird could ſcale it,
Vp would our youth flie to. A Foe in armes
Stirr'd vp a much more luſt of his encounter,
Then of a Miſtreſſe neuer ſo be-painted:
Ambition then, was onely ſcaling walles;
And ouer-topping turrets: Fame was wealth;
Beſt parts, beſt deedes, were beſt Nobilitie;
Honour with worth; and wealth well got or none.
Countries we wonne with as few men as Countries.
Vertue ſubdu'd all.

Ren. Iuſt: and then our Nobles
Lou'd vertue ſo, they prais'd and vs'd it to;

Had

Had rather doe, then say; their owne deedes hearing
By others glorified, then be so barraine,
That their parts onely stood in praising others.
Bal. Who could not doe, yet prais'd, and enui'd not;
Ciuile behauiour flourisht; Bountie flow'd,
Auarice to vpland Boores, slaues hang-men banisht.
Ren. Tis now quite otherwise; but to note the cause
Of all these foule digressions, and reuolts
From our first natures, this tis in a word:
Since good Arts faile, crafts and deceits are vs'd:
Men ignorant are idle; idle men
Most practise what they most may doe with ease,
Fashion, and fauour; all their studies ayming
At getting money, which no wise man euer
Fed his desires with.
Bal. Yet now none are wise
That thinke not heauens true foolish, weigh'd with that.
Well thou most worthy to be greatest Guise,
Make with thy greatnesse a new world arise.
Such depreſt Nobles (followers of his)
As you, my selfe, my Lord will finde a time
When to reuenge your wrongs.
Ren. I make no doubt:
In meane time, I could wish, the wrong were righted
Of your slaine Brother in law braue Bussy D'Ambois.
Bal. That one accident was made my charge.
My Brother Bussy's Sister (now my wife)
By no suite would consent to satisfie
My loue of her, with marriage, till I vow'd,
To vse my vtmost to reuenge my Brother:
But Clermont D'Ambois (Bussy's second Brother)
Had (since) his apparition, and excitement,
To suffer none but his hand in his wreake,
Which hee hath vow'd, and so will needes acquite
Me of my vow, made to my wife, his Sister,
And vndertake himselfe Bussy's reuenge;
Yet loathing any way to giue it act,
But in the noblest and most manly course.

(If th'Earle dares take it) he resolues to send
A Challenge to him, and my selfe must beare it,
To which deliuerie I can vse no meanes;
He is so barricado'd in his house,
And arm'd with guard still.

Ren. That meanes lay on mee,
Which I can strangely make. My last lands sale,
By his great suite, stands now on price with him,
And hee (as you know) passing couetous,
(With that blinde greedinesse that followes gaine)
Will cast no danger, where her sweet feete tread.
Besides, you know, his Lady by his suite,
(Wooing as freshly, as when first loue shot
His faultlesse arrowes from her rosie eyes)
Now liues with him againe, and shee, I know,
Will ioyne with all helps, in her friends reuenge.

Bal. No doubt (my Lord) and therefore let me pray you
To vse all speede; for so on needels points
My wifes heart stands with haste of the reuenge:
Being (as you know) full of her brothers fire,
That shee imagines I neglect my vow;
Keepes off her kinde embraces, and still askes;
When, when, will this reuenge come? when perform'd
Will this dull vow be? And I vow to Heauen
So sternely, and so past her sexe she vrges
My vowes performance; that I almost feare
To see her, when I haue a while beene absent,
Not showing her before I speake, the bloud
She so much thirsts for, freckling hands and face.

Ren. Get you the Challenge writ, and looke from me,
To heare your passage clear'd no long time after. *Exit Ren.*

Bal. All restitution to your worthiest Lordship,
Whose errand I must carrie to the King;
As hauing sworne my seruice in the search
Of all such Malecontents, and their designes,
By seeming one, affected with their faction,
And discontented humours gainst the state:
Nor doth my brother *Clermont* scape my counsaile.

Giuen

Giuen to the King, about his Guiſean greatneſſe,
Which (as I ſpice it) hath poſſeſt the King
(Knowing his daring ſpirit) of much danger:
Charg'd in it to his perſon: though my conſcience
Dare ſweare him cleare of any power to be
Infected with the leaſt diſhoneſtie:
Yet that ſinceritie, wee Politicians
Muſt ſay, growes out of enuie, ſince it cannot
Aſpire to policies greatneſſe: and the more
We worke on all reſpects of kinde, and vertue,
The more our ſeruice to the King ſeemes great,
In ſparing no good that ſeemes bad to him:
And the more bad, we make the moſt of good,
The more our policie ſearcheth; and our ſeruice
Is wonder'd at for wiſedome and ſincereneſſe.
Tis eaſie to make good ſuſpected ſtill,
Where good, and God, are made but cloakes for ill.
See Monſieur taking now his leaue for Brabant,
The Guiſe, & his deare Minion, Clermont D'Ambois,
Whiſpering together, not of ſtate affaires
I durſt lay wagers, (though the Guiſe be now
In chiefe heate of his faction) but of ſome thing,
Sauouring of that which all men elſe deſpiſe,
How to be truely noble, truely wiſe.

Enter Henry, Monſieur, Guiſe, Clerm. Eſpernone, Foiſſon. Monſieur taking leaue of the King.

Monſ. See how hee hangs vpon the eare of Guiſe,
Like to his Iewell.

Eſper. Hee's now whiſp'ring in
Some doctrine of ſtabilitie, and freedome,
Contempt of outward greatneſſe, and the guiſes
That vulgar great ones make their pride and zeale,
Being onely ſeruile traines, and ſumptuous houſes,
High places, offices.

Monſ. Contempt of theſe
Does he read to the Guiſe? Tis paſſing needfull,
And hee, I thinke, makes ſhow t'affect his doctrine.

Eſp. Commends, admires it.

Monſ. And purſues another,
Tis fine hypocriſie, and cheape, and vulgar,

Knowne for a couert practise, yet beleeu'd
(By those abus'd soules, that they teach and gouerne)
No more then Wiues adulteries, by their Husbands,
They bearing it with so vnmou'd aspects,
Hot comming from it; as twere not all,
Or made by custome nothing. This same D'Ambois
Hath gotten such opinion of his vertues,
(Holding all learning but an Art to liue well,)
And showing hee hath learn'd it, in his life,
Being thereby strong in his perswading others;
That this ambitious Guise, embracing him,
Is thought t'mbrace his vertues.

Esp. Yet in some
His vertues are held false for th'others vices:
For tis more cunning held, and much more common,
To suspect truth then falshood: and of both,
Truth still fares worse; as hardly being beleeu'd,
As tis vnvsuall, and rarely knowne.

Mons. Ile part engendring vertue. Men affirme
Though this same Clermont hath a D'Ambois spirit,
And breathes his brothers valour; yet his temper
Is so much past his, that you cannot moue him:
Ile try that temper in him. Come, you two
Deuoure each other with your vertues zeale,
And leaue for other friends, no fragment of yee:
I wonder Guise, you will thus rauish him
Out of my bosome, that first gaue the life
His manhood breathes, spirit, and meanes and luster.
What doe men thinke of me, I pray thee Clermont?
Once giue me leaue (for tryall of that loue
That from thy brother Bussy thou inherit'st)
T'vnclaspe thy bosome. *Cler.* As how sir?

Mons. Be a true glasse to mee, in which I may
Behold what thoughts the many headed-beast,
And thou thy selfe breathes out concerning me,
My ends, and new vpstarted state in Brabant,
For which I now am bound, my higher aymes,
Imagin'd here in France: speake man, and let

Thy

Thy words be borne as naked as thy thoughts:
O were braue Bussy liuing! *Cler.* Liuing my Lord?
Monf. Tis true, thou art his brother, but durst thou
Haue brau'd the Guise: mauger his presence, courted
His wedded Lady; emptied euen the dregs
Of his worst thoughts of mee, euen to my teeth;
Discern'd not me his rising soueraigne
From any common groome: but let me heare
My grossest faults, as grosse-full as they were.
Durst thou doe this?
Cler. I cannot tell: A man
Does neuer know the goodnesse of his stomacke
Till hee sees meate before him. Were I dar'd,
Perhaps as he was, I durst doe like him.
Monf. Dare then to poure out here thy freest soule,
Of what I am. *Cler.* Tis stale, he tolde you it.
Monf. He onely iested, spake of splene and enuie;
Thy soule more learn'd, is more ingenuous,
Searching, iudiciall; let me then from thee
Heare what I am.
Cler. What but the sole support,
And most expectant hope of all our France,
The toward victor of the whole low Countryes?
Monf. Tush, thou wilt sing Encomions of my praise.
Is this like D'Ambois? I must vexe the Guise,
Or neuer looke to heare free truth; tell me,
For Bussy liues not: hee durst anger mee,
Yet for my loue, would not haue fear'd to anger
The King himselfe. Thou vnderstand'st me, dost not?
Cler. I shall my Lord, with studie.
Monf. Dost vnderstand thy selfe? I pray thee tell me,
Dost neuer search thy thoughts, what my designe
Might be to entertaine thee and thy brother?
What turne I meant to serue with you?
Cler. Euen what you please to thinke.
Monf. But what thinkst thou?
Had I no end in't think'st? *Cler.* I thinke you had.
Monf. When I tooke in such two as you two were,

A ragged couple of decaid Commanders,
When a French-crowne would plentifully serue
To buy you both to any thing i'th' earth.
Cler. So it would you:
Mons. Nay bought you both out-right,
You and your Trunkes: I feare me, I offend thee.
Cler. No not a iot.
Mons. The most renowmed Souldier
Epaminondas (as good Authors say)
Had no more suites then backes, but you two shar'd
But one suite twixt you both, when both your studies
Were not what meate to dine with; if your Partridge,
Your Snipe, your Wood-cocke, Larke, or your red Hering,
But where to begge it, whether at my house,
Or at the Guises (for you know you were
Ambitious beggars,) or at some Cookes-shop,
T'eternize the Cookes trust, and score it vp.
Dost not offend thee? *Cler.* No sir. Pray proceede.
Mons. As for thy Gentry, I dare boldly take
Thy honourable othe: and yet some say
Thou and thy most renowmed noble Brother,
Came to the Court first in a Keele of Sea-coale;
Dost not offend thee? *Cler.* Neuer doubt it, sir.
Mons. Why doe I loue thee then? why haue I rak'd thee
Out of the dung-hill? cast my cast Ward-robe on thee?
Brought thee to Court to, as I did thy Brother?
Made yee my sawcy bon companions?
Taught yee to call our greatest Noble men
By the corruption of their names; Iack, Tom?
Haue I blowne both for nothing to this bubble?
Though thou art learn'd; thast no enchanting wit,
Or were thy wit good, am I therefore bound
To keepe thee for my Table?
Cler. Well Sir, 'twere
A good Knights place. Many a proud dubb'd Gallant
Seekes out a poore Knights liuing from such Emrods.
Or what vse else should I designe thee to?
Perhaps you'll answere me, to be my Pander.

Cler.

Cler. Perhaps I shall.

Mons. Or did the slie Guise put thee
Into my bosome, t'vndermine my proiects?
I feare thee not; for though I be not sure
I haue thy heart, I know thy braine-pan yet
To be as emptie a dull piece of wainscot
As euer arm'd the scalpe of any Courtier;
A fellow onely that consists of sinewes;
Meere Swisser, apt for any execution.

Cler. But killing of the King.

Mon. Right: now I see
Thou vnderstand'st thy selfe.

Cler. I, and you better.
You are a Kings sonne borne. *Mons.* Right.

Cler. And a Kings brother. *Mons.* True.

Cler. And might not any foole haue beene so too,
As well as you? *Mons.* A poxe vpon you.

Cler. You did no Princely deedes
Ere you're borne (I take it) to deserue it;
Nor did you any since that I haue heard;
Nor will doe euer any, as all thinke.

Mons. The Diuell take him. Ile no more of him.

Guise. Nay: stay my Lord, and heare him answere you.

Mons. No more I sweare. Farewell. *Ex. Mons.*

Guise. No more: Ill fortune. *Esper. Suiss.*
I would haue giuen a million to haue heard
His scoffes retorted: and the insolence
Of his high birth and greatnesse (which were neuer
Effects of his deserts, but of his fortune)
Made show to his dull eyes, beneath the worth
That men aspire to by their knowing vertues,
Without which Greatnesse is a shade, a bubble.

Cler. But what one great man dreames of that, but you?
All take their births and birth-rights left to them
(Acquir'd by others) for their owne worths purchase,
When many a foole in both, is great as they:
And who would thinke they could winne with their worths
Wealthy possessions, when wonne to their hands,

They neyther can iudge iustly of their value,
Nor know their vse; and therefore they are puft
With such proud tumours as this Monsieur is:
Enabled onely by the goods they haue,
To scorne all goodnesse: none great, fill their fortunes,
But as those men that make their houses greater,
Their housholds being lesse, so Fortune raises
Huge heapes of out-side in these mightie men,
And giues them nothing in them.

Guise. True as truth:
And therefore they had rather drowne their substance
In superfluities of brickes and stones;
(Like *Sysiphus*, aduancing of them euer,
And euer pulling downe) then lay the cost
Of any sluttish corner, on a man,
Built with Gods finger, and enstil'd his Temple.

Bal. Tis nobly said, my Lord.

Guise. I would haue these things
Brought vpon Stages, to let mightie Misers
See all their graue and serious miseries, plaid,
As once they were in Athens, and olde Rome.

Cler. Nay, we must now haue nothing brought on Stages,
But puppetry, and pide ridiculous Antickes:
Men thither come, to laugh, and feede foole-fat,
Checke at all goodnesse there, as being prophan'd:
When wheresoeuer goodnesse comes, shee makes
The place still sacred; though with other feete
Neuer so much tis scandal'd, and polluted.
Let me learne any thing that fits a man,
In any Stables showne, as well as Stages.

Bal. Why? is not all the world esteem'd a Stage?

Cler. Yes: and right worthily: and Stages too
Haue a respect due to them: if but onely,
For what the good Greeke Moralists sayes of them;
Is a man proud of greatnesse, or of riches?
Giue me an expert Actor; Ile shew all,
That can within his greatest glory fall.
Is a man fraid with pouertie and lownesse?

Giue

Giue me an Actor, Ile shew euery eye
What hee laments so, and so much doth flye,
The best and worst of both: if but for this then,
To make the proudest out-side that most swels,
With things without him, and aboue his worth,
See how small cause hee has to be so blowne vp;
And the most poore man, to be grieu'd with poorenesse,
Both being so easily borne by expert Actors.
The Stage and Actors are not so contemptfull,
As euery innouating Puritane,
And ignorant sweater out of zealous enuie,
Would haue the world imagine. And besides,
That all things haue beene likened to the mirth,
Vs'd vpon Stages, and for Stages fitted.
The splenatiue Philosopher that euer
Laught at them all, were worthy the enstaging:
All obiects, were they ne'er so full of teares,
He so conceited, that he could distill thence
Matter that still fed his ridiculous humour.
Heard he a Lawyer, neuer so vehement pleading,
Hee stood and laught. Heard hee a Tradesman swearing
Neuer so thriftily (selling of his wares;)
Hee stood and laught. Heard hee an holy brother,
For hollow ostentation at his prayers
Ne'er so impetuously; hee stood and laught.
Saw hee a great man neuer so insulting,
Seuerely inflicting, grauely giuing lawes,
Not for their good, but his; hee stood and laught.
Saw hee a youthfull widow
Neuer so weeping, wringing of her hands,
For her lost Lord, still the Philosopher laught:
Now whether hee suppos'd all these presentments,
Were onely maskeries, and wore false faces:
Or else were simply vaine, I take no care,
But still hee laught, how graue soere they were.

Guise. And might right well (my Clermont) and for this
Vertuous digression, wee vvill thanke the scoffes
Of vicious Monsieur. But now for the maine point

Of your late reſolution for reuenge
Of your ſlaine friend.
Cler. I haue here my Challenge,
Which I will pray my Brother Baligny
To beare the murtherous Earle.
Bal. I haue prepar'd
Meanes for acceſſe to him, through all his Guard.
Guiſe. About it then, my worthy Baligny,
And bring vs the ſucceſſe. *Bal.* I will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Tamyra ſola.

Tamy. Reuenge, that euer red ſitt'ſt in the eyes
Of iniur'd Ladies, till we crowne thy browes
With bloudy Lawrell; and receiue from thee
Iuſtice for all our humors iniurie,
Whoſe wings none flye, that Wrath or Tyrannie
Haue ruthleſſe made, and bloudy. Enter here,
Enter, O enter: and, though length of time
Neuer lets any ſcape thy conſtant iuſtice,
Yet now preuent that length. Flye, flye, and here
Fixe thy ſteele foot-ſteps: Here, O here, where ſtill
Earth (mou'd with pittie) yeelded and embrac'd
My Loues faire figure, drawne in his deare bloud,
And mark'd the place, to ſhow thee where was done
The cruell'ſt murther that ere fled the Sunne.
O Earth! why keep'ſt thou not as well his ſpirit,
To giue his forme life? No, that was not earthly:
That (rarefying the thinne and yeelding ayre)
Flew ſparkling vp into the Sphære of fire,
Whence endleſſe flames it ſheds in my deſire:
Here be my daily pallet, here all nights
That can be wreſted from thy riuals armes;
(O my deare Buſſy) I will lye, and kiſſe
Spirit into thy bloud, or breathe out mine
In ſighes, and kiſſes, and ſad tunes to thine. *She ſings.*

Enter Monſieur.

Monſ. Still on this hant? Still ſhall adulterous bloud

Affect

Affect thy ſpirits? Thinke, for ſhame, but this,
This bloud that Cockatrice-like thus thou brood'ſt
To dye is to breede any quench to thine.
And therefore now (if onely for thy luſt
A little couer'd with a vaile of ſhame)
Looke out for freſh life, rather then witch-like,
Learne to kiſſe horror, and with death engender
Strange croſſe in nature, pureſt virgine ſhame
Lies in the bloud, as luſt lyes; and together
Many times mixe too: and in none more ſhamefull
Then in the ſhamefac't. Who can then diſtinguiſh
Twixt their affections; or tell when hee meetes
With one not common? Yet, as worthieſt Poets
Shunne common and plebeian formes of ſpeech,
Euery illiberall and affected phraſe
To clothe their matter: and together tye
Matter and forme, with Art and decencie.
So worthieſt women ſhould ſhunne vulgar guiſes,
And though they cannot but flye out for change,
Yet modeſtie, the matter of their liues,
Be it adulterate, ſhould be painted true
With modeſt out-parts; what they ſhould doe ſtill
Grac'd with good ſhow; though deedes be ne'er ſo ill.

Tamy. That is ſo farre from all yee ſeeke of vs,
That (though your ſelues be common as the ayre)
We muſt not take the ayre, wee muſt not fit
Our actions to our owne affectons:
But as Geometricians (you ſtill ſay)
Teach that no liues, nor ſuperficies,
Doe moue themſelues, but ſtill accompanie
The motions of their bodies; ſo poore wiues
Muſt not purſue, nor haue their owne affections,
But to their husbands earneſts, and their ieſts,
To their auſterities of lookes, and laughters,
(Though ne'er ſo fooliſh and iniurious)
Like Paraſites and ſlaues, fit their diſpoſures.

Monſ. I vſde thee as my ſoule, to moue and rule me.

Tamy. So ſaid you, when you woo'd, So Souldiers tortur'd

With tedious sieges of some wel-wall'd Towne,
Propound conditions of most large contents,
Freedome of Lawes, all former gouernment;
But hauing once set foote within the Wals,
And got the reynes of power into their hands,
Then doe they tyrannize at their owne rude swindges,
Seaze all their goods, their liberties, and liues,
And make aduantage, and their lusts, their lawes.

Mons. But loue me, and performe a Wifes part yet,
(With all my loue before) I sweare forgiuenesse.

Tamy. Forgiuenesse! that grace you should seeke of mee:
These tortur'd fingers, and these stab'd-through armes
Keepe that law in their vvounds yet, vnobseru'd,
And euer shall. *Mons.* Remember their deserts.

Tam. Those vvith faire warnings might haue beene reform'd,
Not these vnmanly rages. You haue heard
The fiction of the North winde and the Sunne,
Both vworking on a Traueller, and contending
Which had most power to take his cloake from him:
Which when the Winde attempted, hee roar'd out
Outragious blasts at him to force it off,
That vvrapt it closer on. When the calme Sunne
(The Winde once leauing) charg'd him vvith still beames,
Quiet, and feruent, and therein was constant,
Which made him cast off both his cloake and coate:
Like vvhom should men doe. If yee vvish your Wiues
Should leaue dislik'd things, seeke it not vvith rage;
For that enrages: vvhat yee giue, yee haue:
But vse calme warnings, and kinde manly meanes,
And that in Wiues most prostitute will winne
Not onely sure amends; but make vs Wiues
Better then those that ne'er led faultie liues.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. My Lord.

Mons. How now; vvould any speake with me? *Soul.* I, Sir.

Mons. Peruerse, and traiterous miscreant:
Where are your other fellowes of my Guard?

Haue

Haue I not told you, I will ſpeake with none,
But Lord Renel? *Sould.* And tis hee that ſtayes you.
Monſ. O, is it he? Tis well: attend him in.
I muſt be vigilant: the Furies haunt mee.
Doe you heare dame?

Enter Renel, with the Souldier.

Ren. Be true now, for your Ladies iniur'd ſake,
Whoſe bountie you haue ſo much cauſe to honour:
For her reſpect is chiefe in this deſigne,
And therefore ſerue it, call out of the vway
All your confederate fellowes of his Guard,
Till Monſieur Baligny be enter'd here.
Sould. Vpon your honour, my Lord ſhall be free
From any hurt you ſay.
Ren. Free as my ſelfe. Watch then, and cleare his entrie.
Sould. I will not faile, my Lord. *Exit Souldier.*
Ren. God ſaue your Lordſhip.
Monſ. My nobleſt Lord *Renel!* paſt all men welcome.
Wife, vwelcome his Lordſhip. *Oſculatur.*
Ren. I much ioy in your returne here.
Tamy. You doe more then I.
Monſ. Shee's paſſionate ſtill, to thinke we euer parted,
By my too ſterne iniurious Ieloufie.
Ren. Tis well your Lordſhip will confeſſe your errour
In ſo good time yet. *Enter Baligny with a Challenge.*
Monſ. Death! Who haue wee here?
Ho! Guard! Villaines! *Bal.* Why exclaime you ſo.
Monſ. Negligent Trayters! Murther, murther, murther.
Bal. Ye'are mad. Had mine entent beene ſo, like yours,
It had beene done ere this.
Ren. Sir, your intent,
And action too, was rude to enter thus.
Bal. Y'are a decaid Lord to tell me of rudeneſſe,
As much decaid in manners as in meanes.
Ren. You talke of manners, that thus rudely thruſt
Vpon a man that's buſie with his Wife.
Bal. And kept your Lordſhip then the dore. *Ren.* The dore?

Monſ.

Monf. Sweet Lord forbeare. Show, ſhow your purpoſe ſir.
To moue ſuch bold ſecte into others roofes.

Monſ. This is my purpoſe ſir, from Clermont D'Ambois
I bring this Challenge.

Mon. Challenge! Ile touch none. *Bal.* Ile leaue it here then.

Ren. Thou ſhalt leaue thy life firſt. *Monſ.* Murther, murther!

Ren. Retire my Lord; get off.
Hold, or thy death ſhall hold thee. Hence my Lord.

Bal. There lye the Chalenge. *They all fight and Bal. driues*

Ren. Was not this well handled? *in Monſ. Exit Monſ.*

Bal. Nobly my Lord. All thankes. *Exit Bal.*

Tamy. Ile make him reade it. *Exit Tamy.*

Ren. This was a ſleight well maskt. O, what is man,
Vnleſſe he be a Politician! *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus ſecundi Scæna prima.

Henry, Baligny.

Hen. COme Baligny, we now are priuate: Say,
What ſeruice bring'ſt thou? make it ſhort; the Guiſe
(Whoſe friend thou ſeem'ſt) is now in Court, and neare,
And may obſerue vs.

Bal. This ſir, then in ſhort.
The faction of the Guiſe (with which my policie,
For ſeruice to your Highneſſe ſeemes to ioyne)
Growes ripe, and muſt be gather'd into hold;
Of which my Brother Clermont being a part
Exceeding capitall, deſerues to haue
A capitall eye on him. And (as you may
With beſt aduantage, and your ſpeedieſt charge,)
Command his apprehenſion: which (becauſe
The Court, you know, is ſtrong in his defence)
Wee muſt aske Country ſwindge and open fields.
And therefore I haue wrought him to goe downe

To

To Cambray with me (of which Gouernment
Your Highnesse bountie made mee your Lieutenant)
Where when I haue him, I will leaue my house,
And faine some seruice out about the confines,
When in the meane time, if you please to giue
Command to my Lieutenant, by your Letters,
To traine him to some muster, where he may
(Much to his honour) see for him, your forces
Put into Battaile; when hee comes, hee may
With some close stratageme be apprehended:
For otherwise your whole powers there will faile
To worke his apprehension: and with that
My hand needes neuer be discern'd therein.

Hen. Thankes honest Baligny.

Bal. Your Highnesse knowes
I will be honest; and betray for you
Brother and Father: for, I know (my Lord)
Treacherie for Kings is truest Loyaltie;
Nor is to beare the name of Treacherie,
But graue, deepe Policie. All acts that seeme
Ill in particular respects, are good
As they respect your vniuersall Rule.
As in the maine sway of the vniuerse
The supreame Rectors generall decrees,
To guard the mightie Globes of Earth and Heauen,
Since they make good that guard to preseruation
Of both those in their order and first end,
No mans particular (as hee thinkes) wrong
Must hold him wrong'd: no, not though all mens reasons,
All Law, all conscience, concludes it wrong.
Nor is comparison a flatterer
To liken you here to the King of kings;
Nor any mans particular offence
Against the worlds sway; to offence at yours
In any subiect; who as little may
Grudge at their particular wrong; if so it seeme
For th'vniuersall right of your estate.
As (being a Subiect of the Worlds whole sway

As well as yours; and being a righteous man
To whom Heauen promises defence, and blessing,
Brought to decay, disgrace, and quite defenceless)
Hee may complaine of Heauen for wrong to him.

Hen. Tis true: the Simile at all parts holds,
As all good Subiects hold, that loue our fauour.

Bal. Which is our Heauen here; and a miserie
Incomparable, and most truely Hellish
To liue depriu'd of our Kings grace and countenance,
Without which best conditions are most cursed:
Life of that nature, howsoeuer short,
Is a most lingering, and tedious life;
Or rather no life, but a languishing,
And an abuse of life.

Hen. Tis well conceited.

Bal. I thought it not amisse to yeeld your Highnesse
A reason of my speeches; lest perhaps
You might conceiue I flatter'd: which (I know)
Of all ils vnder heauen you most abhorre.

Hen. Still thou art right, my vertuous Baligny,
For which I thanke and loue thee. Thy aduise
Ile not forget: Haste to thy Gouernment,
And carry D'Ambois with thee. So farewell. *Exit.*

Bal. Your Maiestie fare euer like it selfe.

Enter Guise.

Guise. My sure Friend Baligny!

Bal. Noblest of Princes!

Guise. How stands the State of Cambray?

Bal. Strong, my Lord,
And fit for seruice: for whose readinesse
Your creature Clermont D'Ambois, and my selfe
Ride shortly downe.

Guise. That Clermont is my loue;
France neuer bred a nobler Gentleman
For all parts: he exceedes his Brother Bussy.

Bal. I, my Lord?

Guise. Farre: because (besides his valour)

He

Hee hath the crowne of man, and all his parts,
Which Learning is; and that so true and vertuous,
That it giues power to doe, as well as say
What euer fits a most accomplisht man;
Which Bussy, for his valours season, lackt;
And so was rapt with outrage oftentimes
Beyond Decorum; where this absolute Clermont,
Though (onely for his naturall zeale to right)
Hee will be fiery, when hee sees it crost;
And in defence of it; yet when he lists
Hee can containe that fire, as hid in Embers.

Bal. No question, hee's a true, learn'd, Gentleman.

Guise. He is as true as Tides, or any Starre
Is in his motion: And for his rare learning,
Hee is not (as all else are that seeke knowledge)
Of taste so much deprau'd, that they had rather
Delight, and satisfie themselues to drinke
Of the streame troubled, wandring ne'er so farre
From the cleare fount, then of the fount it selfe.
In all; Romes Brutus is reuiu'd in him,
Whom hee of industry doth imitate.
Or rather, as great Troys Euphorbus was
After Pithagoras; so is Brutus, Clermont.
And (were not Brutus a Conspirator)

Bal. Conspirator, my Lord? Doth that empaire him?
Cæsar begánne to tyrannize; and when vertue,
Nor the religion of the Gods could serue
To curbe the insolence of his proud Lawes,
Brutus would be the Gods iust instrument.
What said the Princesse (sweet Antigone)
In the graue Greeke Tragedian, when the question
Twixt her and Creon is, for lawes of Kings?
Which when he vrges, shee replies on him;
Though his Lawes were a Kings, they were not Gods;
Nor would shee value Creons written Lawes
With Gods vnwrit Edicts: since they last not
This day and the next, but euery day and euer;
Where Kings Lawes alter euery day and houre,

And in that change imply a bounded power.
Guise. Well, let vs leaue these vaine disputings what
Is to be done, and fall to doing something.
When are you for your Gouernment in Cambray?
Bal. When you command, my Lord.
Guise. Nay, that's not fit.
Continue your designements with the King,
With all your seruice; onely if I send
Respect me as your friend, and loue my Clermont.
Bal. Your Highnesse knowes my vowes.
Guise. I, tis enough. *Exit Guise. Manet Bal.*
Bal. Thus must wee play on both sides, and thus harten
In any ill those men whose good wee hate.
Kings may doe what they list: and for Kings, Subiects,
Eyther exempt from censure or exception:
For, as no mans worth can be iustly iudg'd
But when he shines in some authoritie;
So no authoritie should suffer censure
But by a man of more authoritie.
Great vessels into lesse are emptied neuer,
There's a redoundance past their continent euer.
These *virtuosi* are the poorest creatures;
For looke how Spinners weaue out of themselues
Webs, whose strange matter none before can see;
So these, out of an vnseene good in vertue,
Make arguments of right, and comfort, in her,
That clothe them like the poore web of a Spinner.

Αμηχανου δε παντος, &c.
Impossibile est viri cognoscere mentem ac voluntatem, priusquam in Magistratibus apparet.
Sopho. Antig.

Enter Clermont.

Cler. Now, to my Challenge. What's the place, the weapon?
Bal. Soft sir: let first your Challenge be receiued.
Hee would not touch, nor see it.
Cler. Possible!
How did you then?
Bal. Left it, in his despight.
But when hee saw mee enter so expectlesse,
To heare his base exclaimes of murther, murther,
Made me thinke Noblesse lost, in him quicke buried.

Cler. They are the breathing Sepulchres of Noblesse:
No trulier noble men, then Lions pictures
Hung vp for signes, are Lions. Who knowes not,
That Lyons the more soft kept, are more seruile?
And looke how Lyons close kept, fed by hand,
Lose quite th'innatiue fire of spirit and greatnesse
That Lyons free breathe, forraging for prey;
And grow so grosse, that mastifes, curs, and mungrils
Haue spirit to cow them: So our soft French Nobles
Chain'd vp in ease and numbd securitie,
Their spirits shrunke vp like their couetous fists,
And neuer opened but Domitian-like,
And all his base obsequious minions
When they were catching, though it were but flyes.
Besotted with their pezzants loue of gaine,
Rusting at home, and on each other preying,
Are for their greatnesse but the greater slaues,
And none is noble but who scrapes and saues.

Quo mollius degunt, eo seruilius. Epist.

Bal. Tis base, tis base; and yet they thinke them high.

Cler. So Children mounted on their hobby-horse,
Thinke they are riding, when with wanton toile
They beare what should beare them. A man may well
Compare them to those foolish great-spleen'd Cammels,
That to their high heads, beg'd of Ioue hornes higher;
Whose most vncomely, and ridiculous pride
When hee had satisfied, they could not vse,
But where they went vpright before, they stoopt,
And bore their heads much lower for their hornes.
As these high men doe, low in all true grace,
Their height being priuiledge to all things base.
And as the foolish Poet that still writ
All his most selfe-lou'd verse in paper royall,
Or Partchment rul'd with Lead, smooth'd with the Pumice;
Bound richly vp, and strung with Crimson strings;
Neuer so blest as when hee writ and read
The Ape-lou'd issue of his braine; and neuer
But ioying in himselfe; admiring euer:
Yet in his workes behold him, and hee show'd

Simil.

Like to a ditcher. So these painted men,
All set on out-side, looke vpon within,
And not a pezzants entrailes you shall finde
More foule and mezel'd, nor more steru'd of minde.
Bal. That makes their bodies fat. I faine would know
How many millions of our other Nobles
Would make one Guise. There is a true tenth Worthy,
Who (did not one act onely blemish him.)
Cler. One act? what one?
Bal. One, that (though yeeres past done)
Stickes by him still, and will distaine him euer.
Cler. Good Heauen! wherein? what one act can you name
Suppos'd his staine, that Ile not proue his luster?
Bal. To satisfie you, twas the Massacre.
Cler. The Massacre? I thought twas some such blemish.
Bal. O it was hainous.
Cler. To a brutish sense,
But not a manly reason. Wee so tender
The vile part in vs, that the part diuine
We see in hell, and shrinke not. Who was first
Head of that Massacre?
Bal. The Guise.
Cler. Tis nothing so.
Who was in fault for all the slaughters made
In Ilion, and about it? Were the Greekes?
Was it not Paris rauishing the Queene
Of Lacædemon? Breach of shame and faith?
And all the lawes of Hospitalitie?
This is the Beastly slaughter made of men,
When Truth is ouer-throwne, his Lawes corrupted;
When soules are smother'd in the flatter'd flesh,
Slaine bodies are no more then Oxen slaine.
Bal. Differ not men from Oxen?
Cler. Who sayes so?
But see wherein; In the vnderstanding rules
Of their opinions, liues, and actions;
In their communities of faith and reason.
Was not the Wolfe that nourisht *Romulus*

More

More humane then the men that did expose him?

Bal. That makes against you.

Cler. Not sir, if you note
That by that deede, the actions difference make
Twixt men and beasts, and not their names nor formes.
Had faith, nor shame, all hospitable rights
Be.ne broke by Troy, Greece had not made that slaughter.
Had that beene sau'd (sayes a Philosopher)
The Iliads and Odysses had beene lost,
Had Faith and true Religion beene prefer'd,
Religious Guise had neuer massacerd,

Bal. Well sir, I cannot when I meete with you
But thus digresse a little, for my learning,
From any other businesse I entend.
But now the voyage, we resolu'd for Cambray,
I told the Guise beginnes; and wee must haste.
And till the Lord *Renel* hath found some meane
(Conspiring with the Countesse) to make sure
Your sworne wreake on her Husband (though this fail'd)
In my so braue Command, wee'll spend the time,
Sometimes in training out in Skirmishes,
And Battailes, all our Troopes and Companies;
And sometimes breathe your braue Scotch running horse,
That great Guise gaue you, that all th'horse in France
Farre ouer-runnes at euery race and hunting
Both of the Hare and Deere. You shall be honor'd
Like the great Guise himselfe, aboue the King.
And (can you but appease your great-spleen'd Sister,
For our delaid wreake of your Brothers slaughter)
At all parts you'll be welcom'd to your wonder.

Cler. Ile see my Lord the Guise againe before
Wee take our iourney.

Bal. O sir, by all meanes,
You cannot be too carefull of his loue,
That euer takes occasion to be raising
Your virtues, past the reaches of this age,
And rankes you with the best of th'ancient Romanes.

Cler. That praise at no part moues mee, but the worth

Of

Of all hee can giue others spher'd in him.

Bal. Hee yet is thought to entertaine strange aymes.

Cler. He may be well; yet not as you thinke strange.
His strange Aymes are to crosse the common Custome
Of Seruile Nobles; in which hee's so rauisht,
That quite the Earth he leaues, and vp hee leapes,
On Atlas shoulders, and from thence lookes downe,
Viewing how farre off other high ones creepe:
Rich, poore of reason, wander; All pale looking,
And trembling but to thinke of their sure deaths,
Their liues so base are, and so rancke their breaths.
Which I teach Guise to heighten, and make sweet
With lifes deare odors, a good minde and name;
For which, hee onely loues me, and deserues
My loue and life, which through all deaths I vow:
Resoluing this, (what euer change can be)
Thou hast created, thou hast ruinde mee. *Exit.*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus tertij Scæna prima.

A march of Captaines ouer the Stage.

Maillard, Chalon, Aumall following with Souldiers.

Mail. THese Troopes and companies come in with wings:
So many men, so arm'd, so gallant Horse,
I thinke no other Gouernment in France
So soone could bring together. With such men
Me thinkes a man might passe th'insulting Pillars
Of Bacchus and Alcides.

Chal. I much wonder
Our Lord Lieutenant brought his brother downe
To feast and honour him, and yet now leaues him
At such an instance.

Mail. Twas the Kings Command:
For whom he must leaue Brother, Wife, friend, all things.

Aum.

Aum. The confines of his Gouernment, whose view
Is the pretext of his Command, hath neede
Of no such sodaine expedition.

Mail. Wee must not argue that. The Kings Command
Is neede and right enough: and that he serues,
(As all true Subiects should) without disputing.

Chal. But knowes not hee of your Command to take
His Brother Clermont?

Mail. No: the Kings will is
Expressely to conceale his apprehension
From my Lord Gouernour. Obseru'd yee not?
Againe peruse the Letters. Both you are
Made my assistants, and haue right and trust
In all the waightie secrets like my selfe.

Aum. Tis strange a man that had, through his life past,
So sure a foote in vertue and true knowledge,
As Clermont D'Ambois, should be now found tripping,
And taken vp thus, so to make his fall
More steepe and head-long.

Mail. It is Vertues fortune,
To keepe her low, and in her proper place.
Height hath no roome for her: But as a man
That hath a fruitfull wife, and euery yeere
A childe by her, hath euery yeere a month,
To breathe himselfe: where hee that gets no childe
Hath not a nights rest (if he will doe well.)
So, let one marry this same barraine Vertue,
She neuer lets him rest: where fruitfull vice
Spares her rich drudge, giues him in labour breath;
Feedes him with bane, and makes him fat with death.

Chal. I see that good liues neuer can secure
Men from bad liuers. Worst men will haue best
As ill as they, or heauen to hell they'll wrest.

Aum. There was a merit for this, in the fault
That Bussy made; for which he (doing pennance)
Proues that these foule adulterous guilts will runne
Through the whole bloud, which not the cleare can shunne.

Mail. Ile therefore take heede of the bastarding

Whole innocent races; tis a fearefull thing.
And as I am true Batcheler, I sweare,
To touch no woman (to the coupling ends)
Vnlesse it be mine owne wife or my friends.
I may make bold with him.

Aum. Tis safe and common.
The more your friend dares trust, the more deceiue him.
And as through dewie vapors the Sunnes forme
Makes the gay Rainebow, girdle to a storme,
So in hearts hollow, Friendship (euen the Sunne
To all good growing in societie)
Makes his so glorious and diuine name hold
Collours for all the ill that can be told.

Mail. Harke, our last Troopes are come. *Trumpets within.*

Chal. Harke, our last foote. *Drums beate.*

Mail. Come, let vs put all quickly into battaile,
And send for Glermont, in whose honour, all
This martiall preparation wee pretend.

Chal. Wee must bethinke vs, ere wee apprehend him,
(Besides our maine strength) of some stratageme
To make good our seuere Command on him;
As well to saue bloud, as to make him sure:
For if hee come on his Scotch horse, all France
Put at the heeles of him, will faile to take him.

Mail. What thinke you if wee should disguise a brace
Of our best Souldiers in faire Lackies coates,
And send them for him, running by his side,
Till they haue brought him in some ambuscado
We close may lodge for him; and sodainely
Lay sure hand on him, plucking him from horse.

Aum. It must be sure and strong hand: for if once
Hee feeles the touch of such a stratageme,
Tis not the choiseſt brace of all our Bands
Can manacle, or quench his fiery hands.

Mail. When they haue seaz'd him, the ambush shal make in.

Aum. Doe as you please; his blamelesse spirit deserues
(I dare engage my life) of all this, nothing.

Chal. Why should all this stirre be then?

Aum.

Aum. Who knowes not
The bumbast politie thrusts into his Gyant,
To make his wisedome seeme of size as huge,
And all for sleight encounter of a shade,
So hee be toucht, hee would haue hainous made?

Mail. It may be once so; but so euer, neuer;
Ambition is abroad, on foote, on horse;
Faction chokes euery corner, streete, the Court,
Whose faction tis you know: and who is held
The fautors right hand: how high his aymes reach,
Nought but a Crowne can measure. This must fall
Past shadowes waights; and is most capitall.

Chal. No question; for since hee is come to Cambray
The malecontent, decaid Marquesse Renel,
Is come, and new arriu'd; and made partaker
Of all the entertaining Showes and Feasts
That welcom'd Clermont to the braue Virago
His manly Sister. Such wee are esteem'd
As are our consorts. Marquesse malecontent
Comes where hee knowes his vaine hath safest vent.

Mail. Let him come at his will, and goe as free,
Let vs ply Clermont, our whole charge is hee. *Exit.*

Enter a Gentleman Vsher before Clermont: Renel, Charlotte, with two women attendants, with others: Showes hauing past within.

Char. This for your Lordships welcome into Cambray.

Ren. Noblest of Ladies, tis beyond all power
(Were my estate at first full) in my meanes
To quit or merit.

Cler. You come something latter
From Court my Lord then I: And since newes there
Is euery day encreasing with th'affaires,
Must I not aske now, what the newes is there?
Where the Court lyes? what stirre? change? what auise
From England, Italie.

Ren. You must doe so,
If you'll be cald a Gentleman well quallified,

 And

And weare your time and wits in those discourses.

Cler. The Locrian Princes therefore were braue Rubers;
For whosoeuer there came new from Countrie,
And in the Citie askt, what newes? was punisht:
Since commonly such braines are most delighted
With innouations, Gossips tales, and mischiefes:
But as of Lyons it is said and Eagles,
That when they goe, they draw their seeres and tallons
Close vp, to shunne rebating of their sharpnesse:
So our wits sharpnesse, which wee should employ
In noblest knowledge, wee should neuer waste
In vile and vulgar admirations.

Ren. Tis right: but who, saue onely you, performes it,
And your great brother? Madame, where is he?

Char. Gone a day since, into the Countries confines,
To see their strength, and readinesse for seruice.

Ren. Tis well: his fauour with the King hath made him
Most worthily great, and liue right royally.

Cler. I: Would hee would not doe so. Honour neuer
Should be esteem'd with wise men, as the price
And value of their virtuous Seruices,
But as their signe or Badge: for that bewrayes
More glory in the outward grace of goodnesse,
Then in the good it selfe; and then tis said:
Who more ioy takes, that men his good aduance,
Then in the good it selfe, does it by chance.

Char. My brother speakes all principle; what man
Is mou'd with your soule? or hath such a thought
In any rate of goodnesse?

Cler. Tis their fault.
We haue examples of it, cleare and many.
Demetrius Phalerius, an Orator,
And (which not oft meete) a Philosopher,
So great in Athens grew, that he erected
Three hundred Statues of him; of all which,
No rust, nor length of time corrupted one;
But in his life time, all were ouerthrowne.
And Demades (that past Demosthenes

For all extemporall Orations)
Erected many Statues, which (he liuing)
Were broke, and melted into Chamber-pots.
Many such ends haue fallen on such proud honours,
No more because the men on whom they fell
Grew insolent and left their vertues state;
Then for their hugenesse, that procur'd their hate:
And therefore little pompe in men most great,
Makes mightily and strongly to the guard
Of what they winne by chance, or iust reward.
Great and immodest braueries againe,
Like Statues, much too high made for their bases,
Are ouerturn'd as soone, as giuen their places.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter.

Messen. Here is a Letter sir deliuer'd mee,
Now at the fore-gate by a Gentleman.
Cler. What Gentleman?
Mess. Hee would not tell his name;
Hee said, hee had not time enough to tell it,
And say the little rest hee had to say.
Cler. That was a merry saying; he tooke measure
Of his deare time like a most thriftie husband.
Char. What newes?
Cler. Strange ones, and fit for a Nouation;
Waightie, vnheard of, mischieuous enough.
Ren. Heauen shield: what are they?
Cler. Read them, good my Lord.
Ren. You are betraid into this Countrie. Monstrous!
Char. How's that?
Cler. Read on.
Ren. Maillard, you brothers Leiutenant, that yesterday inuited you to see his Musters; hath Letters and strickt Charge from the King to apprehend you.
Char. To apprehend him?
Ren. Your Brother absents himselfe of purpose.
Cler. That's a sound one.
Char. That's a lye.

Ren. Get on your Scotch horse, and retire to your strength; you know where it is, and there it expects you: Beleeue this as your best friend had sworne it. Fare-well if you will. Anonymos. What's that?

Cler. Without a name.

Charl. And all his notice too, without all truth.

Cler. So I conceiue it Sister: ile not wrong
My well knowne Brother for Anonymos,

Charl. Some foole hath put this tricke on you, yet more
T'vncouer your defect of spirit and valour.
First showne in lingring my deare Brothers wreake.
See what it is to giue the enuious World
Aduantage to diminish eminent virtue.
Send him a Challenge? Take a noble course
To wreake a murther, done so like a villaine?

Cler. Shall we reuenge a villanie with villanie?

Char. Is it not equall?

Cler. Shall wee equall be
With villaines?
Is that your reason?

Char. Cowardise euermore
Flyes to the shield of Reason.

Cler. Nought that is
Approu'd by Reason, can be Cowardise.

Charl. Dispute when you should fight. Wrong wreakless
Makes men dye honorless: One borne, another (sleeping,
Leapes on our shoulders.

Cler. Wee must wreake our wrongs
So, as wee take not more.

Char. One wreakt in time
Preuents all other. Then shines vertue most
When time is found for facts; and found, not lost.

Cler. No time occurres to Kings, much lesse to Vertue;
Nor can we call it Vertue that proceedes
From vicious Fury. I repent that euer
(By any instigation in th'appearance
My Brothers spirit made, as I imagin'd)
That e'er I yeelded to reuenge his murther.

All

All worthy men ſhould euer bring their bloud
To beare all ill, not to be wreakt with good:
Doe ill for no ill: Neuer priuate cauſe
Should take on it the part of publike Lawes.

Char. A D'Ambois beare in wrong ſo tame a ſpirit!

Ren. Madame, be ſure there will be time enough
For all the vengeance your great ſpirit can wiſh.
The courſe yet taken is allow'd by all,
Which being noble, and refus'd by th'Earle,
Now makes him worthy of your worſt aduantage:
And I haue caſt a proiect with the Counteſſe
To watch a time when all his warieſt Guards
Shall not exempt him. Therefore giue him breath;
Sure Death delaid is a redoubled Death.

Cler. Good Siſter trouble not your ſelfe with this:
Take other Ladyes care; practiſe your face.
There's the chaſte Matron, Madame Perigot,
Dwels not farre hence, Ile ride and ſend her to you,
Shee did liue by retailing mayden-heads
In her minoritie: but now ſhee deales
In whole-ſale altogether for the Court.
I tell you, ſhee's the onely faſhion-monger,
For your complexion, poudring of your haire,
Shadowes, Rebatoes, Wires, Tyres, and ſuch trickes,
That Cambray, or I thinke, the Court affords:
She ſhall attend you Siſter, and with theſe
Womanly practiſes emply your ſpirit;
This other ſuites you not, nor fits the faſhion.
Though ſhee be deare, lay't on, ſpare for no coſt,
Ladies in theſe haue all their bounties loſt.

Ren. Madame, you ſee, his ſpirit will not checke
At any ſingle danger; when it ſtands
Thus merrily firme againſt an hoſt of men,
Threaten'd to be armes for his ſurpriſe.

Char: That's a meere Bugge-beare, an impoſſible mocke.
If hee, and him I bound by nuptiall faith
Had not beene dull and droſſie in performing
Wreake of the deare bloud of my matchleſſe Brother,

What

What Prince? what King? which of the desperat'st Ruffings,
Outlawes in Arden, durst haue tempted thus
One of our bloud and name, be't true or false.

Cler. This is not caus'd by that: twill be as sure
As yet it is not, though this should be true.

Char. True? tis past thought false.

Cler. I suppose the worst,
Which farre I am from thinking; and despise
The Armie now in battaile that should act it.

Cler. I would not let my bloud vp to that thought,
But it should cost the dearest bloud in France.

Cler. Sweet Sister, [*osculatur*] farre be both off as the fact
Of my fain'd apprehension.

Char. I Would once
Strip off my shame with my attire, and trie
If a poore woman, votist of reuenge
Would not performe it, with a president
To all you bungling foggy-spirited men;
But for our birth-rights honour, doe not mention
One syllable of any word may goe
To the begetting of an act so tender,
And full of sulphure as this Letters truth:
It comprehends so blacke a circumstance
Not to be nam'd; that but to forme one thought,
It is, or can be so; would make me mad:
Come my Lord, you and I will fight this dreame
Out at the Chesse.

Ren. Most gladly, worthiest Ladie. *Exit Char. and Ren.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, my Lord Gouernours Lieutenant prayes
Accesse to you.

Cler. Himselfe alone?

Mess. Alone, sir.

Cler. Attend him in. [*Exit Mess.*] Now comes this plot to (tryall,
I shall descerne (if it be true as rare)
Some sparkes will flye from his dissembling eyes.
Ile sound his depth.

Enter

Enter Maillard with the Messenger.

Maill. Honour, and all things noble.
Cler. As much to you good Captaine. What's th'affaire.
Mail. Sir, the poore honour we can adde to all
Your ſtudyed welcome to this martiall place,
In preſentation of what ſtrength conſiſts
My Lord your Brothers Gouernment is readie.
I haue made all his Troopes and Companies
Aduance, and put themſelues in Battailia,
That you may ſee, both how well arm'd they are;
How ſtrong is euery Troope and Companie;
How ready, and how well prepar'd for ſeruice,
Cler. And muſt they take mee?
Mail. Take you, ſir? O Heauen!
Meſſ. Beleeue it ſir, his count'nance chang'd in turning.
Mail. What doe you meane ſir?
Cler. If you haue charg'd them,
You being charg'd your ſelfe, to apprehend mee,
Turne not your face: throw not your lookes about ſo.
Mail. Pardon me ſir. You amaze me to conceiue
From whence our wils to honour you, ſhould turne
To ſuch diſhonour of my Lord your Brother.
Dare I, without him, vndertake your taking?
Cler. Why not? by your direct charge from the King?
Mail. By my charge from the King? would he ſo much
Diſgrace my Lord, his owne Lieutenant here,
To giue me his Command without his forfaite?
Cler. Acts that are done by Kings, are not askt why.
Ile not diſpute the caſe, but I will ſearch you.
Mail. Search mee? for what?
Cler. For Letters.
Mail. I beſeech you,
Doe not admit one thought of ſuch a ſhame
To a Commander.
Cler. Goe to: I muſt doo't.
Stand and be ſearcht; you know mee.
Mail. You forget

What tis to be a Captaine, and your selfe.

Cler. Stand, or I vow to heauen, Ile make you lie
Neuer to rise more.

Mail. If a man be mad
Reason must beare him.

Cler. So coy to be searcht?

Mail. Sdeath sir, vse a Captaine like a Carrier.

Cler. Come, be not furious; when I haue done
You shall make such a Carrier of me
If't be your pleasure: you're my friend I know,
And so am bold with you.

Mail. You'll nothing finde
Where nothing is.

Cler. Sweare you haue nothing.

Mail. Nothing you seeke, I sweare, I beseech you,
Know I desir'd this out of great affection,
To th'end my Lord may know out of your witnesse,
His Forces are not in so bad estate
As hee esteem'd them lately in your hearing:
For which he would not trust me with the Confines;
But went himselfe to witnesse their estate.

Cler. I heard him make that reason, and am sorie
I had no thought of it before I made
Thus bold with you; since tis such Ruberb to you.
Ile therefore search no more. If you are charg'd
(By Letters from the King, or otherwise)
To apprehend me; neuer spice it more
With forc'd tearmes of your loue, but say: I yeeld;
Holde; take my sword; here; I forgiue thee freely;
Take; doe thine office.

Mail. Sfoote, you make m'a hang-man:
By all my faith to you, there's no such thing.

Cler. Your faith to mee?

Mail. My faith to God: All's one,
Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none.

Cler. In that sense I accept your othe, and thanke you.
I gaue my word to goe, and I will goe. *Exit Cler.*

Mail. Ile watch you whither. *Exit Mail.*

Mess.

Mess. If hee goes, hee proues
How vaine are mens fore-knowledges of things,
When heauen strikes blinde their powers of note and vse;
And makes their way to ruine seeme more right,
Then that which safetie opens to their sight.
Cassandra's prophecie had no more profit
With Troyes blinde Citizens, when shee fore-tolde
Troyes ruine: which succeeding, made her vse
This sacred Inclamation; God (said shee)
Would haue me vtter things vncredited:
For which now they approue what I presag'd;
They count me wise, that said before I rag'd.

Enter Challon with two Souldiers.

Chal. Come Souldiers: you are downe-wards fit for lackies;
Giue me your Pieces, and take you these Coates,
To make you compleate foot-men: in whose formes
You must be compleate Souldiers: you two onely
Stand for our Armie.
1 That were much.
Chal. Tis true,
You two must doe, or enter, what our Armie
Is now in field for.
2 I see then our guerdon
Must be the deede it selfe, twill be such honour:
Chal. What fight Souldiers most for?
1 Honour onely.
Chal. Yet here are crownes beside.
Ambo. We thanke you Captaine.
2 Now sir, how show wee?
Chal. As you should at all parts.
Goe now to Clermont D'Ambois, and informe him,
Two Battailes are set ready in his honour,
And stay his presence onely for their signall,
When they shall ioyne: and that t'attend him hither,
Like one wee so much honour, wee haue sent him
1 Vs two in person.
Chal. Well sir, say it so.

And hauing brought him to the field, when I
Fall in with him, saluting, get you both
Of one side of his horse, and plucke him downe,
And I with th'ambush laid, will second you.

1 Nay, we shall lay on hands of too much strength
To neede your secondings.

2 I hope, we shall.
Two are enough to encounter Hercules.

Chal. Tis well said worthy Souldiers: hast, and hast him.

Enter Clermont, Maillard close following him.

Cler. My Scotch horse to their Armie.

Mail. Please you sir?

Cler. Sdeath you're passing diligent.

Mail. Of my soule
Tis onely in my loue to honour you
With what would grace the King: but since I see
You still sustaine a iealous eye on mee,
Ile goe before.

Cler. Tis well; Ile come; my hand.

Mail. Your hand sir? Come, your word, your choise be vs'd.

Exit.

Clermont solus.

Cler. I had an auersation to this voyage,
When first my Brother mou'd it; and haue found
That natiue power in me was neuer vaine;
Yet now neglected it. I wonder much
At my inconstancie in these decrees,
I euery houre set downe to guide my life.
When Homer made Achilles passionate,
Wrathfull, reuengefull, and insatiate
In his affections; what man will denie,
He did compose it all of industrie,
To let men see, that men of most renowne,
Strong'st, noblest, fairest, if they set not downe
Decrees within them, for disposing these,
Of Iudgement, Resolution, Vprightnesse,
And certaine knowledge, of their vse and ends

Mishap

Mishap and miserie no lesse extends
To their destruction; with all that they pris'd,
Then to the poorest, and the most despis'd.

Enter Renel.

Ren. Why, how now friend? retir'd? take heede you proue not
Dismaid with this strange fortune: all obserue you.
Your gouernment's as much markt as the Kings.
What said a friend to Pompey?

Cler. What?

Ren. The people
Will neuer know, vnlesse in death thou trie,
That thou know'st how to beare aduersitie.

Cler. I shall approue how vile I value feare
Of death at all times: but to be too rash,
Without both will and care to shunne the worst,
(It being in power to doe well and with cheere)
Is stupid negligence, and worse then feare.

Ren. Suppose this true now.

Cler. No, I cannot doo't.
My sister truely said; there hung a taile
Of circumstance so blacke on that supposure,
That to sustaine it thus abhorr'd our mettall.
And I can shunne it too, in spight of all:
Not going to field: and there to, being so mounted
As I will, since I goe.

Ren. You will then goe?

Cler. I am engag'd both in my word, and hand;
But this is it, that makes me thus retir'd,
To call my selfe t'account, how this affaire
Is to be manag'd if the worst should chance:
With which I note, how dangerous it is,
For any man to prease beyond the place,
To which his birth, or meanes, or knowledge ties him;
For my part, though of noble birth my birth-right
Had little left it, and I know tis better
To liue with little; and to keepe within
A mans owne strength still, and in mans true end,

Then runne a mixt course. Good and bad hold neuer
Any thing common: you can neuer finde
Things outward care, but you neglect your minde.
God hath the whole world perfect made and free;
His parts to th'vse of th'all; men then that are
Parts of that all, must as the generall sway
Of that importeth, willingly obay
In euery thing without their power to change.
Hee that vnpleas'd to hold his place, will range,
Can in no other be contain'd that's fit,
And so resisting th'All, is crusht with it.
But he that knowing how diuine a Frame
The whole world is: and of it all, can name
(Without selfe-flatterie) no part so diuine,
As hee himselfe; and therefore will confine
Freely, his whole powers, in his proper part,
Goes on most God-like. Hee that striues t'inuert
The Vniuersals course with his poore way,
Not onely dust-like shiuers with the sway,
But crossing God in his great worke; all earth
Beares not so cursed, and so damn'd a birth.

Ren. Goe, on; Ile take no care what comes of you;
Heauen will not see it ill, how ere it show:
But the pretext to see these Battailes rang'd
Is much your honour.

Cler. As the world esteemes it.
But to decide that; you make me remember
An accident of high and noble note,
And fits the subiect of my late discourse,
Of holding on our free and proper way.
I ouer-tooke, comming from Italie,
In Germanie, a great and famous Earle
Of England; the most goodly fashion'd man
I euer saw: from head to foote in forme
Rare, and most absolute; hee had a face
Like one of the most ancient honour'd Romanes,
From whence his noblest Familie was deriu'd;
He was beside of spirit passing great,

Valiant,

Valiant, and learn'd, and liberall as the Sunne,
Spoke and writ ſweetly, or of learned ſubiects,
Or of the diſcipline of publike weales;
And t'was the Earle of Oxford : and being offer'd
At that time, by Duke Caſſimere, the view
Of his right royall Armie then in field;
Refus'd it, and no foote was mou'd, to ſtirre
Out of his owne free fore-determin'd courſe:
I wondring at it, askt for it his reaſon,
It being an offer ſo much for his honour.
Hee, all acknowledging, ſaid, t'was not fit
To take thoſe honours that one cannot quit.

Ren. Twas anſwer'd like the man you haue deſcrib'd.

Cler. And yet he caſt it onely in the way,
To ſtay and ſerue the world. Nor did it fit
His owne true eſtimate how much it waigh'd,
For hee deſpis'd it; and eſteem'd it freer
To keepe his owne way ſtraight, and ſwore that hee
Had rather make away his whole eſtate
In things that croſt the vulgar, then he would
Be frozen vp, ſtiffe, like a ſir Iohn Smith
(His Countrey-man) in common Nobles faſhions;
Affecting, as the end of Nobleſſe were
Thoſe ſeruile obſeruations.

Ren. It was ſtrange.

Cler. O tis a vexing ſight to ſee a man
Out of his way, ſtalke, proud as hee were in;
Out of his way to be officious,
Obſeruant, wary, ſerious, and graue,
Fearefull, and paſſionate, inſulting, raging,
Labour with iron Flailes, to threſh downe feathers
Flitting in ayre.

Ren. What one conſiders this,
Of all that are thus out? or once endeuours,
Erring to enter, on mans Right-hand path?

Cler. Theſe are too graue for braue wits: giue them toyes,
Labour beſtow'd on theſe is harſh and thriftleſſe.
If you would Conſull be (ſayes one) of Rome,

You

You must be watching, starting out of sleepes;
Euery way whisking; gloryfying Plebeians,
Kissing Patricians hands, Rot at their dores;
Speake and doe basely; euery day bestow
Gifts and obseruance vpon one or other:
And what's th'euent of all? Twelue Rods before thee,
Three or foure times sit for the whole Tribunall.
Exhibite Circean Games; make publike feasts,
And for these idle outward things (sayes he)
Would'st thou lay on such cost, toile, spend thy spirits.
And to be voide of perturbation
For constancie: sleepe when thou would'st haue sleepe,
Wake when thou would'st wake, feare nought, vexe for nought,
No paines wilt thou bestow? no cost? no thought?

Ren. What should I say? as good consort with you,
As with an Angell: I could heare you euer.

Cler. Well; in, my Lord, and spend time with my Sister;
And keepe her from the Field with all endeauour;
The Souldiers loue her so; and shee so madly
Would take my apprehension, if it chance,
That bloud would flow in riuers.

Ren. Heauen forbid;
And all with honour your arriuall speede. *Exit.*

Enter Messenger with two Souldiers like Lackies.

Mess. Here are two Lackies sir, haue message to you.

Cler. What is your message? and from whom, my friends?

1 From the Lieutenant, Colonell, and the Captaines,
Who sent vs to informe you, that the Battailes
Stand ready rang'd, expecting but your presence,
To be their honor'd signall when to ioyne,
And we are charg'd to runne by, and attend you.

Cler. I come. I pray you see my running horse
Brought to the backe-gate to mee.

Mess. Instantly. *Exit Mess.*

Cler. Chance what can chance mee; well or ill is equall
In my acceptance, since I ioy in neyther;
But goe with sway of all the world together.

In

In all successes, Fortune and the day
To mee alike are; I am fixt, be shee
Neuer so fickle; and will there repose,
Farre past the reach of any Dye she throwes. *Ex. cum Pediss.*

Finis Actus tertij.

Actus quarti Scæna prima.

Alarum within: Excursions ouer thee Stage.

The Lackies running, Maillard following them.

Mail. VIllaines, not hold him when ye had him downe.
1 Who can hold lightning? Sdeath a man as well
Might catch a Canon Bullet in his mouth,
And spit it in your hands, as take and hold him.
Mail. Pursue; enclose him; stand, or fall on him,
And yee may take him. Sdeath, they make him guards. *Exit.*

Alarum still, and enter Chalon.

Chal. Stand Cowards, stand, strike, send your bullets at him.
1 Wee came to entertaine him sir, for honour.
2 Did ye not say so? *Chal.* Slaues, hee is a traitor;
Command the horse troopes to ouer-runne the traitor. *Exit.*

Showts within. Alarum still. and Chambers shot off.
Then enter Aumall.

Aum. What spirit breathes thus, in this more then man,
Turnes flesh to ayre possest, and in a storme,
Teares men about the field like Autumne leaues?
He turnd wilde lightning in the Lackies hands,
Who, though their sodaine violent twitch vnhorst him,
Yet when he bore himselfe, their saucie fingers
Flew as too hot off, as hee had beene fire.
The ambush then made in, through all whose force,
Hee draue as if a fierce and fire-giuen Canon
Had spit his iron vomit out amongst them.

The Battailes then, in two halfe-moones enclos'd him,
In which he ſhew'd, as if he were the light,
And they but earth, who wondring what hee was;
Shruncke their ſteele hornes, and gaue him glorious paſſe:
And as a great ſhot from a towne beſieg'd,
At foes before it, flyes forth blacke and roring,
But they too farre, and that with waight oppreſt,
(As if diſdaining earth) doth onely graſe,
Strike earth, and vp againe into the ayre;
Againe ſinkes to it, and againe doth riſe.
And keepes ſuch ſtrength that when it ſoftlieſt moues,
It piece-meale ſhiuers any let it proues:
So flew braue Clermont forth, till breath forſooke him,
Then fell to earth, and yet (ſweet man) euen then
His ſpirits conuulſions made him bound againe,
Paſt all their reaches; till all motion ſpent,
His fixt eyes caſt a blaze of ſuch diſdaine,
All ſtood and ſtar'd, and vntouch'd let him lie,
As ſomething ſacred fallen out of the skie. *A cry within:*
O now ſome rude hand hath laid hold on him!

Enter Maillard, Chalon leading Clermont, Captaines and Souldiers following.

See, priſoner led, with his bands honour'd more,
Then all the freedome he enioy'd before.
Mail. At length wee haue you ſir.
Cler. You haue much ioy too,
I made you ſport yet, but I pray you tell mee,
Are not you periur'd?
Mail. No: I ſwore for the King.
Cler. Yet periurie I hope is periurie.
Mail. But thus forſwearing is not periurie;
You are no Politician: not a fault,
How foule ſoeuer, done for priuate ends,
Is fault in vs ſworne to the publike good:
Wee neuer can be of the damned crew,
Wee may impolitique our ſelues (as t'were)
Into the Kingdomes body politique,

Whereof

Whereof indeede we'are members: you missе terme's.
Cler. The things are yet the same.
Mail. Tis nothing so: the propertie is alter'd:
Y'are no Lawyer. Or say that othe and othe
Are still the same in number, yet their species
Differ extreamely, as for flat example,
When politique widowes trye men for their turne,
Before they wed them, they are harlots then,
But when they wed them, they are honest women:
So, priuate men, when they forsweare, betray,
Are periur'd treachers, but being publique once,
That is, sworne, married to the publique good.
Cler. Are married women publique?
Mail. Publique good;
For marriage makes them, being the publique good,
And could not be without them. So I say
Men publique, that is, being sworne or married
To the good publique, being one body made
With the Realmes body politique, are no more
Priuate, nor can be periur'd, though forsworne,
More then a widow married, for the act
Of generation is for that an harlot,
Because for that shee was so, being vnmarried:
An argument *a paribus.* *Chal.* Tis a shrow'd one.
Cler. Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none:
Retaine you that Sir? who said so? *Mail.* Twas I.
Cler. Thy owne tongue damne thy infidelitie.
But Captaines all you know me nobly borne,
Vse yee t'assault such men as I with Lackyes.
Chal. They are no Lackyes sir, but Souldiers,
Disguis'd in Lackyes coates.
1 Sir, wee haue seene the enemie.
Cler. Auant yee Rascols, hence.
Mail. Now leaue your coates.
Cler. Let me not see them more.
Aum. I grieue that vertue liues so vndistinguisht
From vice in any ill, and though the crowne
Of Soueraigne Law; shee should be yet her foot-stoole,

Subiect to censure, all the shame and paine
Of all her rigor.
Cler. Yet false policie
Would couer all, being like offenders hid,
That (after notice taken where they hide)
The more they crouch and stirre, the more are spide.
Aum. I vvonder how this chanc'd you.
Cler. Some informer,
Bloud-hound to mischiefe, vsher to the Hangman,
Thirstie of honour for some huge state act,
Perceiuing me great vvith the vworthy Guise:
And he (I know not vvhy) held dangerous,
Made me the desperate organe of his danger,
Onely vvith that poore colour: tis the common
And more then vvhore-like tricke of treacherie,
And vermine bred to rapine, and to ruine:
For vvhich this fault is still to be accus'd,
Since good acts faile, crafts and deceits are vs'd.
If it be other neuer pittie mee.
Aum. Sir, vve are glad, beleeue it, and haue hope
The King vvill so conceit it.
Cler. At his pleasure.
In meane time, vvhat's your vvill Lord Lieutenant?
Mail. To leaue your owne horse, and to mount the trumpets.
Cler. It shall be done: this heauily preuents
My purpos'd recreation in these parts;
Which now I thinke on: let mee begge you sir,
To lend me some one Captaine of your Troopes,
To beare the message of my hapless seruice,
And miserie, to my most noble mistresse,
Countesse of Cambray: to whose house this night
I promist my repaire, and know most truely,
With all the ceremonies of her fauour,
She sure expects mee. *Mail.* Thinke you now on that?
Cler. On that, sir? I, and that so worthily,
That if the King, in spight of your great seruice,
Would send me instant promise of enlargement,
Condition I would set this message by,

I would not take it, but had rather die.

Aum. Your message shall be done sir: I my selfe
Will be for you a messenger of ill.

Cler. I thanke you sir, and doubt not yet to liue
To quite your kindnesse.

Aum. Meane space vse your spirit
And knowledge for the chearfull patience
Of this so strange and sodaine consequence.

Cler. Good sir, beleeue that no perticular torture
Can force me from my glad obedience
To any thing the high and generall cause,
To match with his whole Fabricke, hath ordainde,
And know yee all (though farre from all your aymes,
Yet worth them all, and all mens endlesse studies)
That in this one thing, all the discipline
Of manners, and of manhood is contain'd;
A man to ioyne himselfe with th'Vniuerse,
In his maine sway, and make (in all things fit)
One with that all, and goe on, round as it;
Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
And into straites, or into nought reuert,
Wishing the compleate Vniuerse might be
Subiect to such a ragge of it as hee:
But to consider great necessitie
All things as well refract, as voluntarie
Reduceth to the prime celestiall cause,
Which he that yeelds to with a mans applause,
And cheeke, by cheeke, goes; crossing it, no breath,
But like Gods Image, followes to the death,
That man is truely wise, and euery thing,
(Each cause, and euery part distinguishing)
In Nature, with enough Art vnderstands,
And that full glory merits at all hands,
That doth the whole world at all parts adorne,
And appertaines to one celestiall borne. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Baligny, Renel.

Bal. So foule a scandall neuer man sustain'd,

Which caus'd by'th King, is rude and tyrannous:
Giue me a place, and my Lieutenant make
The filler of it.

Ren. I ſhould neuer looke
For better of him; neuer truſt a man,
For any Iuſtice, that is rapt with pleaſure:
To order armes well, that makes ſmockes his enſignes,
And his whole Gouernments ſayles: you heard of late,
Hee had the foure and twenty wayes of Venerie
Done all before him.

Bal. Twas abhorr'd and beaſtly.

Ren. Tis more then natures mightie hand can doe
To make one humane and a Letcher too.
Looke how a Wolfe doth like a Dogge appeare,
So, like a friend is an Adulterer,
Voluptuaries, and theſe belly-gods;
No more true men are, then ſo many Toads.
A good man happy, is a common good;
Vile men aduanc'd liue of the common bloud.

Bal. Giue and then take like children.

Ren. Bounties are
As ſoone repented as they happen rare.

Bal. What ſhould Kings doe, and men of eminent places;
But as they gather, ſow gifts to the Graces?
And where they haue giuen, rather giue againe,
(Being giuen for vertue) then like Babes and fooles,
Take and repent Gifts; why are wealth and power?

Ren. Power and wealth moue to tyranny, not bountie;
The Merchant for his wealth is ſwolne in minde,
When yet the chieſe Lord of it is the Winde.

Bal. That may ſo chance to our State-Merchants too:
Something performed, that hath not farre to goe.

Ren. That's the maine point, my Lord; inſiſt on that.

Bal. But doth this fire rage further? hath it taken
The tender tynder of my wifes ſere bloud?
Is ſhee ſo paſſionate?

Ren. So wilde, ſo mad,
Shee cannot liue, and this vnwreakt ſuſtaine.

The

The woes are bloudy that in women raigne.
The Sicile gulfe keepes feare in lesse degree;
There is no Tyger, not more tame then shee.
Bal. There is no looking home then?
Ren. Home? Medea
With all her hearbs, charmes, thunders, lightnings,
Made not her presence, and blacke hants more dreadfull.
Bal. Come, to the King, if he reforme not all,
Marke the euent, none stand where that must fall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Countesse, Rioua, and an Vsher.

Vsh. Madame, a Captaine come from Clermont D'Ambois
Desires accesse to you.
Count. And not himselfe? *Vsh.* No, Madame.
Coun. That's not vvell. Attend him in. *Exit Vsh.*
The last houre of his promise now runne out
And he breake? some brack's in the frame of nature
That forceth his breach.

Enter Vsher and Aumal.

Aum. Saue your Ladiship.
Coun. All welcome. Come you from my worthy seruant?
Aum. I, Madame, and conferre such newes from him.
Conn. Such newes? vvhat newes?
Aum. Newes that I wish some other had the charge of.
Coun. O vvhat charge? vvhat newes?
Aum. Your Ladiship must vse some patience
Or else I cannot doe him that desire,
He vrg'd vvith such affection to your Graces.
Coun. Doe it; for heauens loue doe it, if you serue
His kinde desires, I vvill haue patience.
Is hee in health? *Aum.* He is.
Count. Why, that's the ground
Of all the good estate wee hold in earth;
All our ill built vpon that, is no more
Then wee may beare, and should; expresse it all.
Aum. Madame, tis onely this; his libertie.
Coun. His libertie! Without that health is nothing.

Why

Why liue I, but to aske in doubt of that,
Is that bereft him? *Aum.* You'll againe preuent me.
Coun. No more, I sweare, I must heare, and together
Come all my miserie. Ile hold though I burst.
Aum. Then madame, thus it fares; he was enuited
By vway of honour to him, to take view
Of all the Powers his brother Baligny
Hath in his gouernment; vvhich rang'd in battailes,
Mailiard, Lieutenant to the Gouernour,
Hauing receiu'd strickt Letters from the King,
To traine him to the musters, and betray him,
To their supprise, which, with Chalon in chiefe,
And other Captaines (all the field put hard
By his incredible valour for his scape)
They haplesly and guiltlesly perform'd,
And to Bastile hee's now led prisoner.
Coun. What change is here? how are my hopes preuented?
O my most faithfull seruant; thou betraid?
Will Kings make treason lawfull? Is Societie
(To keepe which onely Kings vvere first ordain'd)
Lesse broke in breaking faith twixt friend and friend,
Then twixt the King and Subiect? let them feare,
Kings Presidents in licence lacke no danger.
Kings are compar'd to Gods, and should be like them,
Full in all right, in nought superfluous;
Nor nothing straining past right, for their right:
Raigne iustly, and raigne safely. Policie
Is but a Guard corrupted, and a way
Venter'd in Desarts, vvithout guide or path.
Kings punish Subiects errors vvith their owne.
Kings are like Archers, and their Subiects, shafts:
For as when Archers let their arrowes flye,
They call to them, and bid them flye or fall,
As if twere in the free power of the shaft
To flye or fall, vvhen onely tis the strength,
Straight shooting, compasse giuen it by the Archer,
That makes it hit or misse; and doing eyther,
Hee's to be prais'd or blam'd, and not the shaft:

So

So Kings to Subiects crying, doe, doe not this;
Must to them by their owne examples strength,
The straightnesse of their acts, and equall compasse,
Giue Subiects power t'obey them in the like;
Not shoote them forth with faultie ayme and strength,
And lay the fault in them for flying amisse,

Aum. But for your seruant, I dare sweare him guiltlesse.

Count. Hee would not for his Kingdome traitor be;
His Lawes are not so true to him, as he.
O knew I how to free him, by way forc'd
Through all their armie, I would flye, and doe it:
And had I, of my courage and resolue,
But tenne such more, they should not all retaine him;
But I will neuer die, before I giue
Maillard an hundred slashes with a sword,
Chalon an hundred breaches with a Pistoll.
They could not all haue taken Clermont D'Ambois,
Without their treacherie; he had bought his bands out
With their slaue blouds: but he was credulous;
Hee would beleeue, since he would be beleeu'd;
Your noblest natures are most credulous.
Who giues no trust, all trust is apt to breake;
Hate like hell mouth, who thinke not what they speake.

Aum. Well, Madame, I must tender my attendance.
On him againe. Will't please you to returne
No seruice to him by me?

Count. Fetch me straight
My little Cabinet. [*Exit Ancil.*] Tis little tell him,
And much too little for his matchlesse loue:
But as in him the worths of many men
Are close contracted; [*Intr. Ancil.*] so in this are Iewels
Worth many Cabinets. Here, with this (good sir)
Commend my kindest seruice to my seruant,
Thanke him, with all my comforts; and, in them
With all my life for them: all sent from him
In his remembrance of mee, and true loue:
And looke you tell him, tell him how I lye *She kneeles downe*
Prostrate at feet of his accurst misfortune, *at his feete.*

Pouring my teares out, which shall euer fall,
Till I haue pour'd for him out eyes and all.

Aum. O Madame, this will kill him : comfort you
With full assurance of his quicke acquitall;
Be not so passionate : rise, cease your teares.

Coun. Then must my life cease. Teares are all the vent
My life hath to scape death : Teares please me better,
Then all lifes comforts, being the naturall seede
Of heartie sorrow. As a tree fruit beares, *Hee raises her, and*
So doth an vndissembled sorrow, teares. *Exe.* *leades her out.*

Vsh. This might haue beene before, and sau'd much charge.
Exit.

Enter Henry, Guise, Baligny, Esp. Soisson.
Pericot with pen, incke, and paper.

Guise. Now sir, I hope you're much abus'd Eyes see
In my word for my Clermont, what a villaine
Hee was that whisper'd in your iealous eare
His owne blacke treason in suggesting Clermonts :
Colour'd with nothing but being great with mee,
Signe then this writ for his deliuerie,
Your hand was neuer vrg'd with worthier boldnesse :
Come, pray sir, signe it : why should Kings be praid
To acts of Iustice ? tis a reuerence
Makes them despis'd, and showes they sticke and tyre
In what their free powers should be hot as fire.

Auersus. *Hen.* Well, take your will sir, Ile haue mine ere long.
But wherein is this Clermont such a rare one ?

Guise. In his most gentle, and vnwearied minde,
Rightly to vertue fram'd; in very nature;
In his most firme inexorable spirit,
To be remou'd from any thing hee chuseth
For worthinesse; or beare the lest persuasion
To what is base, or fitteth not his obiect;
In his contempt of riches and of greatnesse;
In estimation of th'Idolatrous vulgar;
His scorne of all things seruile and ignoble,
Though they could gaine him neuer such aduancement;
His liberall kinde of speaking what is truth,

In

In ſpight of temporiſing; the great riſing,
and learning of his ſoule, ſo much the more
Againſt ill fortune, as ſhee ſet her ſelfe
Sharpe againſt him, or would preſent moſt hard,
To ſhunne the malice of her deadlieſt charge;
His deteſtation of his ſpeciall friends,
When he perceiu'd their tyrannous will to doe,
Or their abiection baſely to ſuſtaine
Any iniuſtice that they could reuenge;
The flexibilitie of his moſt anger,
Euen in the maine careere and fury of it,
When any obiect of deſertfull pittie
Offers it ſelfe to him; his ſweet diſpoſure
As much abhorring to behold, as doe
Any vnnaturall and bloudy action;
His iuſt contempt of Ieſters, Paraſites,
Seruile obſeruers, and polluted tongues:
In ſhort, this Senecall man is found in him,
Hee may with heauens immortall powers compare,
To whom the day and fortune equall are,
Come faire or foule, what euer chance can fall,
Fixt in himſelfe, hee ſtill is one to all.

Hen. Showes he to others thus? *Omnes.* To all that know him.

Hen. And apprehend I this man for a traitor?

Guiſe. Theſe are your Macheuilian Villaines,
Your baſtard Teucers, that their miſchiefes done,
Runne to your ſhield for ſhelter: Caucuſſes,
That cut their too large murtherous theueries,
To their dens length ſtill: woe be to that ſtate
Where treacherie guards, and ruine makes men great.

Hen. Goe, take my Letters for him, and releaſe him.

Om. Thankes to your Highneſſe, euer liue your Highneſſe. *Exeunt.*

Bal. Better a man were buried quicke, then liue
A propertie for ſtate, and ſpoile, to thriue. *Exit.*

Enter Clermont, Mail. Chal. with Souldiers.

Mail. Wee ioy you take a chance ſo ill, ſo well.

Cler. Who euer ſaw me differ in acceptance

Of eyther fortune ?
Chal. What, loue bad, like good ?
How ſhould one learne that ?
Cler. To loue nothing outward,
Or not within our owne powers to command;
And ſo being ſure of euery thing we loue,
Who cares to loſe the reſt: if any man
Would neyther liue nor dye in his free choiſe,
But as hee ſees neceſſitie will haue it,
(Which if hee would reſiſt, hee ſtriues in vaine)
What can come neere him, that hee doth not well,
And if in worſt euents, his will be done;
How can the beſt be better ? all is one.
Mail. Me thinkes tis prettie.
Cler. Put no difference
If you haue this, or not this; but as children
Playing at coites, euer regard their game,
And care not for their coites; ſo let a man
The things themſelues that touch him not eſteeme,
But his free power in well diſpoſing them.
Chal. Prettie from toyes.
Cler. Me thinkes this double diſticke
Seemes prettily too, to ſtay ſuperfluous longings:
Not to haue want, what riches doth exceede ?
Not to be ſubiect, what ſuperiour thing ?
He that to nought aſpires, doth nothing neede;
Who breakes no Law is ſubiect to no King.
Mail. This goes to mine eare well I promiſe you.
Chal. O, but tis paſſing hard to ſtay one thus.
Cler. Tis ſo; rancke cuſtome raps men ſo beyond it,
And as tis hard, ſo well mens dores to barre
To keepe the cat out, and th'adulterer;
So tis as hard to curbe affections ſo,
Wee let in nought to make them ouer-flow.
And as of Homers verſes, many Critickes
On thoſe ſtand, of which times old moth hath eaten,
The firſt or laſt feete, and the perfect parts,
of his vnmatched Poeme ſinke beneath,

With

With vpright gasping, and sloath dull as death:
So the vnprofitable things of life,
And those we cannot compasse, we affect;
All that doth profit, and wee haue, neglect,
Like couetous, and basely getting men,
That gathering much, vse neuer vvhat they keepe;
But for the least they loose, extreamely vveepe,

Mail. This prettie talking and our horses walking
Downe this steepe hill, spends time with equall profit.

Cler. Tis well bestow'd on ye, meate and men sicke
Agree like this, and you; and yet euen this
Is th'end of all skill, power, wealth, all that is.

Chal. I long to heare sir, how your Mistresse takes this.

Enter Aumal with a Cabinet.

Mail. Wee soone shall know it: see Aumall return'd.

Aum. Ease to your bands sir.

Cler. Welcome worthy friend.

Chal. How tooke his noblest Mistresse your sad message?

Aum. As great rich men take sodaine pouertie,
I neuer witness'd a more noble loue,
Nor a more ruthfull sorrow: I well wisht
Some other had beene master of my message.

Mail. Y'are happy sir, in all things, but this one,
Of your vnhappy apprehension.

Cler. This is to mee, compar'd with her much mone,
As one teare is to her whole passion.

Aum. Sir, shee commends her kindest seruice to you,
And this rich Cabinet.

Chal. O happy man.
This may enough hold to redeeme your bands.

Cler. These clouds I doubt not, will be soone blowne ouer.

Enter Baligny with his discharge: Renel, and others.

Aum. Your hope is iust and happy, see sir both
In both the looks of these.

Bal. Here's a discharge
For this your prisoner, my good Lord Lieutenant.

Mail Alas, sir, I vsurpe that stile enforc't,
And hope you know it was not my aspiring.
Bal. Well sir, my wrong aspir'd past all mens hopes.
Mail. I sorrow for it sir.
Ren. You see sir there
Your prisoners discharge autenticall.
Mail. It is sir, and I yeeld it him with gladnesse.
Bal. Brother, I brought you downe to much good purpose.
Cler. Repeate not that sir : the amends makes all :
Ren. I ioy in it, my best and worthiest friend,
O y'haue a princely fautor of the Guise.
Bal. I thinke I did my part to.
Ren. Well, sir; all
Is in the issue vvell : and (vworthiest Friend)
Here's from your friend the Guise; here from the Countesse,
Your Brothers Mistresse, the contents vvhereof
I know, and must prepare you now to please
Th'vnrested spirit of your slaughtered brother,
If it be true, as you imagin'd once,
His apparition show'd it; the complot
Is now laid sure betwixt vs; therefore haste
Both to your great friend (vvho hath some vse vvaightie
Eor your repaire to him) and to the Countesse,
Whose satisfaction is no lesse important.
Cler. I see all, and vvill haste as it importeth.
And good friend, since I must delay a little
My wisht attendance on my noblest Mistresse,
Excuse me to her, with returne of this,
And endlesse protestation of my seruice;
And now become as glad a messenger,
As you vvere late a vvofull.
Aum. Happy change,
I euer vvill salute thee with my seruice. *Exit.*
Bal. Yet more newes Brother; the late iesting Monsieur
Makes now your Brothers dying prophesie equall
At all parts, being dead as he presag'd.
Ren. Heauen shield the Guise from seconding that truth,
With what he likewise prophesied on him.

Cler.

Cler. It hath enough, twas grac'd with truth in one,
To'th other falſhood and confuſion.
Leade to'th Court ſir.
Bal. You Ile leade no more,
It was to ominous and foule before. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus quinti Scæna prima.

Aſcendit Vmbra Buſſi.

Vmb. VP from the Chaos of eternall night,
(To vvhich the whole digeſtion of the world
Is now returning) once more I aſcend,
And bide the cold dampe of this piercing ayre.
To vrge the iuſtice, whoſe almightie word
Meaſures the bloudy acts of impious men,
With equall pennance, who in th'act it ſelfe
Includes th'inflicti̇on, which like chained ſhot
Batter together ſtill; though (as the thunder
Seemes, by mens duller hearing then their ſight,
To breake a great time after lightning forth,
Yet both at one time teare the labouring cloud,)
So men thinke pennance of their ils is ſlow,
Though th'ill and pennance ſtill together goe.
Reforme yee ignorant men, your manleſſe liues
Whoſe lawes yee thinke are nothing but your luſts;
When leauing but for ſuppoſition ſake,
The body of felicitie (Religion)
Set in the midſt of Chriſtendome, and her head
Cleft to her boſome; one halfe one vvay ſwaying
Another th'other: all the Chriſtian world
And all her lawes, vvhoſe obſeruation,
Stands vpon faith, aboue the power of reaſon:
Leauing (I ſay) all theſe, this might ſuffice,
To fray yee from your vicious ſwindge in ill,

And

And set you more on fire to doe more good:
That since the vvorld (as vvhich of you denies)
Stands by proportion, all may thence conclude,
That all the ioynts and nerues sustaining nature,
As well may breake, and yet the vvorld abide,
As any one good vnrewarded die,
Or any one ill scape his penaltie. *The Ghost stands close.*

Enter Guise, Clermont.

Gui. Thus (friend) thou seest how all good men would thriue,
Did not the good thou prompt'st me with preuent,
The iealous ill pursuing them in others.
But now thy dangers are dispatcht, note mine:
Hast thou not heard of that admired voyce,
That at the Barricadoes spake to mee,
(No person seene) Let's leade (my Lord) to Reimes?
Cler. Nor could you learne the person?
Guise. By no meanes.
Cler. Twas but your fancie then, a waking dreame:
For as in sleepe, which bindes both th'outward senses,
And the sense common to; th'imagining power
(Stird vp by formes hid in the memories store,
Or by the vapours of o'er-flowing humours
In bodies full and foule; and mixt vvith spirits,)
Faines many strange, miraculous images,
In which act, it so painfully applyes
It selfe to those formes, that the common sense
It actuates with his motion; and thereby
Those fictions true seeme, and haue reall act:
So, in the strength of our conceits, awake,
The cause alike, doth of like fictions make.
Guise. Be what it vvill, twas a presage of something
Waightie and secret, vvhich th'aduertisements
I haue receiu'd from all parts, both vvithout,
And in this Kingdome, as from Rome and Spaine
Soccaine and Sauoye, giues me cause to thinke,
All vvriting that our plots Catastrophe,
For propagation of the Catholique cause,

Will

Will bloudy proue, dissoluing all our counsailes?

Cler. Retyre then from them all.

Guise. I must not doe so.

The Arch-Bishop of Lyons tels me plaine
I shall be said then to abandon France
In so important an occasion:
And that mine enemies (their profit making
Of my faint absence) soone would let that fall,
That all my paines did to this height exhale.

Cler. Let all fall that would rise vnlawfully:
Make not your forward spirit in vertues right,
A property for vice, by thrusting on
Further then all your powers can fetch you off.
It is enough, your will is infinite
To all things vertuous and religious,
Which within limits kept, may without danger,
Let vertue some good from your Graces gather,
Auarice of all is euer nothings father.

Vmb. Danger (the spurre of all great mindes) is euer
The curbe to your tame spirits; you respect not
(With all your holinesse of life and learning)
More then the present, like illiterate vulgars,
Your minde (you say) kept in your fleshes bounds,
Showes that mans will must rul'd be by his power:
When (by true doctrine) you are taught to liue
Rather without the body, then within;
And rather to your God still then your selfe:
To liue to him, is to doe all things fitting
His Image, in which, like himselfe we liue;
To be his Image, is to doe those things,
That make vs deathlesse, which by death is onely;
Doing those deedes that fit eternitie,
And those deedes are the perfecting that Iustice,
That makes the world last, which proportion is
Of punishment and wreake for euery wrong,
As well as for right a reward as strong:
Away then, vse the meanes thou hast to right
The wrong I suffer'd. What corrupted Law

Leaues vnperform'd in Kings, doe thou ſupply,
And be aboue them all in dignitie. *Exit.*

Guiſe. Why ſtand'ſt thou ſtill thus, and applyeſt thine eares,
And eyes to nothing?

Cler. Saw you nothing here?

Guiſe. Thou dream'ſt, awake now; what was here to ſee?

Cler. My Brothers ſpirit, vrging his reuenge.

Guiſe. Thy Brothers ſpirit! pray thee mocke me not.

Cler. No, by my loue and ſeruice.

Guiſe. Would he riſe,
And not be thundring threates againſt the Guiſe?

Cler. You make amends for enmitie to him,
With tenne parts more loue, and deſert of mee;
And as you make your hate to him, no let
Of any loue to mee; no more beares hee
(Since you to me ſupply it) hate to you.
Which reaſon and which Iuſtice is perform'd
In Spirits tenne parts more then fleſhy men.
To whoſe fore-ſights our acts and thoughts lie open:
And therefore ſince hee ſaw the treacherie
Late practis'd by my brother Baligny,
Hee would not honor his hand with the iuſtice
(As hee eſteemes it) of his blouds reuenge,
To which my Siſter needes would haue him ſworne,
Before ſhe would conſent to marry him.

Guiſe. O Baligny, who would beleeue there were
A man, that (onely ſince his lookes are rais'd
Vpwards, and haue but ſacred heauen in ſight)
Could beare a minde ſo more then diuelliſh?
As for the painted glory of the countenance,
Flitting in Kings, doth good for nought eſteeme,
And the more ill hee does, the better ſeeme.

Cler. Wee eaſily may beleeue it, ſince we ſee
In this worlds practiſe few men better be.
Iuſtice to liue doth nought but Iuſtice neede,
But Policie muſt ſtill on miſchiefe feede.
Vntruth for all his ends, truths name doth ſue in;
None ſafely liue, but thoſe that ſtudy ruine.

A good man happy, is a common good;
Ill men aduanc'd liue of the common bloud.

Guise. But this thy brothers spirit startles mee,
These spirits seld or neuer hanting men,
But some mishap ensues.

Cler. Ensue what can:
Tyrants may kill, but neuer hurt a man;
All to his good makes, spight of death and hell.

Enter Aumall.

Aum. All the desert of good, renowne your Highnesse.

Guise. Welcome Aumall.

Cler. My good friend, friendly welcome.
How tooke my noblest mistresse the chang'd newes?

Aum. It came too late sir, for those louelieſt eyes
(Through which a soule look't so diuinely louing,
Teares nothing vttering her distresse enough)
She wept quite out, and like two falling Starres
Their dearest sights quite vanisht with her teares.

Cler. All good forbid it.

Guise. What euents are these?

Cler. All must be borne my Lord; and yet this chance
Would willingly enforce a man to cast off
All power to beare with comfort, since hee sees
In this, our comforts made our miseries.

Guise. How strangely thou art lou'd of both the sexes;
Yet thou lou'st neyther, but the good of both.

Cler. In loue of women, my affection first
Takes fire out of the fraile parts of my bloud;
Which till I haue enioy'd, is passionate,
Like other louers: but fruition past,
I then loue out of iudgement; the desert
Of her I loue, still sticking in my heart,
Though the desire, and the delight be gone,
Which must chance still, since the comparison
Made vpon tryall twixt what reason loues,
And what affection, makes in mee the best
Euer preferd; what most loue, valuing lest.

Guise. Thy loue being iudgement then, and of the minde,
Marry thy worthiest mistresse now being blinde.
Cler. If there were loue in mariage so I would;
But I denie that any man doth loue,
Affecting vviues, maides, widowes, any women:
For neither Flyes loue milke, although they drowne
In greedy search thereof; nor doth the Bee
Loue honey, though the labour of her life
Is spent in gathering it; nor those that fat
Or beasts, or fowles, doe any thing therein
For any loue: for as when onely nature
Moues men to meate, as farre as her power rules,
Shee doth it with a temperate appetite,
The too much men deuoure, abhorring nature;
And in our most health, is our most disease:
So, when humanitie rules men and vvomen.
Tis for societie confinde in reason.
But what excites the beds desire in bloud,
By no meanes iustly can be construed loue;
For when loue kindles any knowing spirit,
It ends in vertue and effects diuine;
And is in friendship chaste, and masculine.
Guise. Thou shalt my Mistresse be; me thinkes my bloud
Is taken vp to all loue vvith thy vertues.
And howsoeuer other men despise
These Paradoxes strange, and too precise,
Since they hold on the right way of our reason,
I could attend them euer. Come, away;
Performe thy brothers thus importun'd wreake;
And I will see what great affaires the King
Hath to employ my counsell, which he seemes
Much to desire, and more and more esteemes. *Exit.*

Enter Henry, Baligny, with sixe of the guard.

Hen. Saw you his sawcie forcing of my hand
To D'Ambois freedome?
Bal. Saw, and through mine eyes
Let fire into my heart, that burn'd to beare

An insolence so Giantly austere.

Hen. The more Kings beare at Subiects hands, the more
Their lingring Iustice gathers; that resembles
The waightie, and the goodly-bodied Eagle,
Who (being on earth) before her shady wings
Can raise her into ayre, a mightie way
Close by the ground she runnes; but being aloft,
All shee commands, she flyes at; and the more
Death in her Seres beares, the more time shee stayes
Her thundry stoope from that on which shee preyes.

Bal. You must be then more secret in the waight
Of these your shadie counsels, who will else
Beare (where such sparkes flye as the Guise and D'Ambois)
Pouder about them. Counsels (as your entrailes)
Should be vnpierst and sound kept; for not those,
Whom you discouer, you neglect; but ope
A ruinous passage to your owne best hope.

Hen. Wee haue Spies set on vs, as we on others;
And therefore they that serue vs must excuse vs,
If what wee most hold in our hearts, take winde,
Deceit hath eyes that see into the minde.
But this plot shall be quicker then their twinckling,
On whose lids Fate, with her dead waight shall lie,
And Confidence that lightens ere she die.
Friends of my Guard, as yee gaue othe to be
True to your Soueraigne, keepe it manfully:
Your eyes haue witnest oft th'Ambition
That neuer made accesse to me in Guise
But Treason euer sparkled in his eyes:
Which if you free vs of, our safetie shall
You not our Subiects, but our Patrons call.

Omnes. Our duties binde vs, hee is now but dead.

Hen. Wee trust in it, and thanke ye. Baligny,
Goe lodge their ambush, and thou God that art
Fautor of Princes, thunder from the skies,
Beneath his hill of pride this Gyant Guise. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tamyra with a Letter, Charlotte in mans attire.

Tam. I ſee y'are Seruant, ſir, to my deare ſiſter,
The Lady of her lou'd Baligny.
Char. Madame I am bound to her vertuous bounties,
For that life which I offer in her vertuous ſeruice,
To the reuenge of her renowned brother.
Tam. She writes to mee as much, and much deſires,
That you may be the man, whoſe ſpirit ſhee knowes
Will cut ſhort off theſe long and dull delayes,
Hitherto bribing the eternall Iuſtice:
Which I beleeue, ſince her vnmatched ſpirit
Can iudge of ſpirits, that haue her ſulphure in them;
But I muſt tell you, that I make no doubt,
Her liuing brother will reuenge her dead,
On whom the dead impos'd the taske, and hee,
I know, will come t'effect it inſtantly.
Char. They are but words in him; beleeue them not.
Tam. See; this is the vault, where he muſt enter:
Where now I thinke hee is.

Enter Renel at the vault, with the Counteſſe being blinde.

Ren. God ſaue you Lady.
What Gentleman is this, with whom you truſt
The deadly waightie ſecret of this houre?
Tam. One that your ſelfe will ſay, I well may truſt.
Ren. Then come vp Madame. *He helps the Counteſſe vp.*
See here honour'd Lady,
A Counteſſe that in loues miſhap doth equall
At all parts, your wrong'd ſelfe; and is the miſtreſſe
Of your ſlaine ſeruants brother; in whoſe loue
For his late treachrous apprehenſion,
She wept her faire eyes from her Iuory browes,
And would haue wept her ſoule out, had not I
Promiſt to bring her to this mortall quarrie,
That by her loſt eyes for her ſeruants loue,
She might coniure him from this ſterne attempt,
In which, (by a moſt ominous dreame ſhee had)

Shee

Shee knowes his death fixt, and that neuer more
Out of this place the Sunne shall see him liue.

Char. I am prouided then to take his place,
And vndertaking on me.

Ren. You sir, why?

Char. Since I am charg'd so by my mistresse,
His mournfull sister.

Tam. See her Letter sir. *Hee reades.*
Good Madame, I rue your fate, more then mine,
And know not how to order these affaires,
They stand on such occurrents.

Ren. This indeede,
I know to be your Lady mistresse hand,
And know besides, his brother will, and must
Indure no hand in this reuenge but his.

Enter Vmbr. Bussy.

Umb. Away, dispute no more; get vp, and see,
Clermont must auchthor this iust Tragedie.

Coun. Who's that? *Ren.* The spirit of Bussy.

Tam. O my seruant! let vs embrace.

Umb. Forbeare. The ayre, in which
My figures liknesse is impreſt, will blast,
Let my reuenge for all loues satisfie,
In vvhich (dame) feare not, Clermont shall not dye:
No word dispute more, vp, and see th'euent. *Exeunt Ladyes.*
Make the Guard sure Renel; and then the doores
Command to make fast, when the Earle is in. *Exit Ren.*
The blacke soft-footed houre is now on wing,
Which for my iust wreake, Ghosts shall celebrate,
With dances dire, and of infernall state. *Exit.*

Enter Guise.

Guise. Who sayes that death is naturall, vvhen nature
Is with the onely thought of it, dismaid?
I haue had Lotteries set vp for my death,
And I haue drawne beneath my trencher one,
Knit in my hand-kerchiefe another lot,
The word being; Y'are a dead man if you enter,

And

And these words, this imperfect bloud and flesh,
Shrincke at in spight of me; their solidst part
Melting like snow within mee, with colde fire:
I hate my selfe, that seeking to rule Kings,
I cannot curbe my slaue. Would any spirit
Free, manly, Princely, wish to liue to be
Commanded by this masse of slauerie,
Since Reason, Iudgement, Resolution,
And scorne of what we feare, will yeeld to feare?
While this same sincke of sensualitie swels,
Who would liue sinking in it? and not spring
Vp to the Starres, and leaue this carrion here,
For Wolfes, and Vultures, and for Dogges to teare?
O Clermont D'Ambois, wert thou here to chide
This softnesse from my flesh, farre as my reason,
Farre as my resolution, not to stirre
One foote out of the way, for death and hell.
Let my false man by falshood perish here,
There's no way else to set my true man cleere.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The King desires your Grace to come to Councill.
Guise. I come. It cannot be: hee will not dare
To touch me with a treacherie so prophane.
Would Clermont now were here, to try how hee
Would lay about him, if this plot should be:
Here would be tossing soules into the skie.
Who euer knew bloud sau'd by treacherie?
Well, I must on, and will; what should I feare?
Not against two, Alcides? against two
And Hercules to friend, the Guise will goe.

He takes vp the Arras, and the Guard enters vpon him: hee drawes.

Guise. Holde murtherers. *They strike him downe.*
So then, this is confidence
In greatnes, not in goodnes: wher is the king?
Let him appeare to iustifie his deede.

The king comes in sight with Es. Soiss. & others.

In

In ſpight of my betrai'd wounds; ere my ſoule
Take her flight through them, and my tongue hath ſtrength
To vrge his tyrannie.

Hen. See ſir, I am come
To iuſtifie it before men, and God,
Who knowes with what wounds in my heart for woe
Of your ſo wounded faith, I made theſe wounds,
Forc't to it by an inſolence of force
To ſtirre a ſtone, nor is a rocke oppos'd
To all the billowes of the churliſh ſea,
More beate, and eaten with them, then was I
With your ambitious mad Idolatrie;
And this bloud I ſhed, is to ſaue the bloud
Of many thouſands.

Guiſe. That's your white pretext,
But you will finde one drop of bloud ſhed lawleſſe,
Will be the fountaine to a purple ſea:
The preſent luſt, and ſhift made for Kings liues
Againſt the pure forme, and iuſt power of Law,
Will thriue like ſhifters purchaſes; there hangs
A blacke Starre in the skies, to which the Sunne
Giues yet no light, will raine a poyſon'd ſhower
Into your entrailes, that will make you feele
How little ſafetie lies in treacherous ſteele.

Hen. Well ſir, Ile beare it; y'haue a Brother to,
Burſts with like threates, the skarlet Cardinall:
Seeke, and lay hands on him; and take this hence,
Their blouds, for all you, on my conſcience. *Exit.*

Guiſe. So ſir, your full ſwindge take; mine, death hath curb'd.
Clermont, farewell: O didſt thou ſee but this:
But it is better, ſee by this the Ice
Broke to thine owne bloud, which thou wilt deſpiſe,
When thou hear'ſt mine ſhed. Is there no friend here
Will beare my loue to him? *Aum.* I will, my Lord.

Guiſe. Thankes with my laſt breath: recommend me then
To the moſt worthy of the race of men. *Dyes. Exeunt.*

Enter Montſ. and Tamyra.

Mont. Who haue you let into my houſe? *Tam.* I, none.

Mont. Tis falſe, I ſauour the rancke bloud of foes
In euery corner.
Tam. That you may doe well,
It is the bloud you lately ſhed, you ſmell.
Mont. Sdeath the vault opes. *The gulfe opens.*
Tam. What vault? hold your ſword. *Clermont aſcends.*
Cler. No, let him vſe it. *Mont.* Treaſon, murther, murther.
Cler. Exclaime not; tis in vaine, and baſe in you,
Being one, to onely one. *Mont.* O bloudy ſtrumpet!
Cler. With what bloud charge you her? it may be mine
As well as yours; there ſhall not any elſe
Enter or touch you: I conferre no guards,
Nor imitate the murtherous courſe you tooke;
But ſingle here, will haue my former challenge,
Now anſwer'd ſingle, not a minute more
My brothers bloud ſhall ſtay for his reuenge,
If I can act it; if not, mine ſhall adde
A double conqueſt to you, that alone
Put it to fortune now, and vſe no ods.
Storme not, nor beate your ſelfe thus gainſt the dores,
Like to a ſauage vermine in a trap:
All dores are ſure made, and you cannot ſcape,
But by your valour. *Mont.* No, no, come and kill mee.
Cler. If you will die ſo like a beaſt, you ſhall,
But when the ſpirit of a man may ſaue you,
Doe not ſo ſhame man, and a Noble man.
Mont. I doe not ſhow this baſeneſſe, that I feare thee,
But to preuent and ſhame thy victory,
Which of one baſe is baſe, and ſo Ile die. *Cler.* Here then.
Mon. Stay, hold, one thought hath harden'd me, *He ſtarts vp.*
And ſince I muſt afford thee victorie,
It ſhall be great and braue, if one requeſt
Thou wilt admit mee. *Cler.* What's that?
Mont. Giue me leaue
To fetch and vſe the ſword thy Brother gaue mee
When he was brauely giuing vp his life.
Cler. No, Ile not fight againſt my brothers ſword,
Not that I feare it, but ſince tis a tricke,

For

For you to show your backe.
Mont. By all truth, no:
Take but my honourable othe, I will not.
Cler. Your honourable othe, plaine truth no place has
Where othes are honourable.
Tam. Trust not his othe.
Hee will lie like a Lapwing, when shee flyes
Farre from her sought nest, still here tis shee cryes.
Mont. Out on thee damme of Diuels. I will quite
Disgrace thy braues conquest, die, not fight. *Lyes downe.*
Tam. Out on my fortune to wed such an abiect.
Now is the peoples voyce, the voyce of God;
Hee that to wound a vvoman vants so much,
(As hee did mee) a man dares neuer touch.
Cler. Reuenge your wounds now madame, I resigne him
Vp to your full vvill, since hee will not fight.
First you shall torture him (as hee did you,
And Iustice wils) and then pay I my vow.
Here, take this Ponyard.
Mont. Sinke Earth, open Heauen,
And let fall vengeance.
Tam. Come sir, good sir hold him.
Mont. O shame of women, whither art thou fled!
Cler. Why (good my Lord) is it a greater shame
For her then you? come, I will be the bands
You vs'd to her, prophaning her faire hands.
Mont. No sir, Ile fight now, and the terror be
Of all you Champions to such as shee.
I did but thus farre dally: now obserue,
O all you aking fore-heads that haue rob'd,
Your hands of weapons, and your hearts of valour,
Ioyne in mee all your rages, and rebutters,
And into dust ram this same race of Furies,
In this one relicke of the Ambois gall,
In his one purple soule shed, drowne it all. *Fight.*
Mont. Now giue me breath a while. *Cler.* Receiue it freely.
Mont. What thinke y'a this now?
Cler. It is very noble.

Had it beene free (at least) and of your selfe,
And thus wee see (where valour most doth vant)
What tis to make a coward valiant.

Mont. Now I shall grace your conquest.

Cler. That you shall. *Mont.* If you obtaine it.

Cler. True sir, tis in fortune.

Mont. If you were not a D'Ambois, I would scarce
Change liues with you, I feele so great a change
In my tall spirits breath'd, I thinke, with the breath
A D'Ambois breathes here, and necessitie
(With whose point now prickt on, and so, vvhose helpe
My hands may challenge, that doth all men conquer,
If shee except not you, of all men onely)
May change the case here.

Cler. True as you are chang'd,
Her power in me vrg'd, makes y'another man,
Then yet you euer were. *Mont.* Well, I must on.

Cler. Your Lordship must by all meanes. *Mon.* Then at all.

Fights, and D'Ambois hurts him.

Charlotte aboue.

Char. Death of my father: what a shame is this,
Sticke in his hands thus? *Ren.* Gentle sir forbeare.

Coun. Is he not slaine yet? *She gets downe.*

Ren. No Madame, but hurt in diuers parts of him.

Mont. Y'haue giuen it me,
And yet I feele life for another vennie,

Enter Charlotte.

Cler. What would you sir?

Char. I would performe this Combat.

Cler. Against which of vs?

Char. I care not much if twere
Against thy selfe: thy sister would haue sham'd,
To haue thy Brothers wreake with any man
(In single combat) sticke so in her fingers.

Cler. My Sister? know you her?

Tam. I sir, shee sent him,
With this kinde Letter, to performe the vvreake

Of

Of my deare Seruant.

Cler. Now alas good sir,
Thinke you you could doe more?

Char. Alas? I doe,
And wer't not, I, fresh, sound, should charge a man
Weary, and vvounded, I would long ere this,
Haue prou'd what I presume on.

Cler. Y'haue a minde
Like to my Sister, but haue patience now,
If next charge speede not, Ile resigne to you.

Mont. Pray thee let him decide it.

Cler. No, my Lord,
I am the man in fate, and since so brauely
Your Lordship stands mee, scape but one more charge,
And on my life, Ile set your life at large.

Mont. Said like a D'Ambois, and if now I die,
Sit ioy and all good on thy victorie. *Fights, and fals downe.*

Mon. Farewell, I hartily forgiue thee. Wife,
And thee, let penitence spend thy rest of life. *Hee giues his hand to Cler. and his Wife.*

Cler. Noble and Christian.

Tam. O it breakes my heart.

Cler. And should, for all faults found in him before,
These words, this end, makes full amends and more.
Rest worthy soule, and vvith it the deare spirit
Of my lou'd Brother, rest in endlesse peace:
Soft lie thy bones Heauen be your soules abode,
And to your ashes be the earth no lode.

Musicke, and the Ghost of Bussy enters, leading the Ghost of the Guise; Monsieur, Cardinall Guise, and Shattillion, they dance about the dead body, and Exeunt.

Cler. How strange is this? the Guise amongst these spirits,
And his great Brother Cardinall, both yet liuing,
And that the rest vvith them, vvith ioy thus celebrate
This our reuenge? This certainely presages
Some instant death both to the Guise and Cardinall.
That the Shattilians Ghost to should thus ioyne
In celebration of this iust reuenge,

With Guise, that bore a chiefe stroke in his death,
It seemes that now he doth approue the act,
And these true shadowes of the Guise and Cardinall,
Fore-running thus their bodies, may approue
That all things to be done, as here wee liue,
Are done before all times in th'other life.
That Spirits should rise in these times yet are fables;
Though learnedst men hold that our sensiue spirits
A little time abide about the graues
Of their deceased bodies; and can take
In colde condenc't ayre, the same formes they had,
When they were shut vp in this bodies shade.

Enter Aumall.

Aum. O Sir, the Guise is slaine. *Cler.* Auert it Heauen.
Aum. Sent for to Councill, by the King, an ambush
(Lodg'd for the purpose) rusht on him, and tooke
His Princely life; who sent (in dying then)
His loue to you, as to the best of men.
Cler. The worst, and most accurst of things creeping
On earths sad bosome. Let me pray yee all
A little to forbeare, and let me vse
Freely mine owne minde in lamenting him.
Ile call yee straight againe.
Aum. We will forbeare, and leaue you free sir. *Exeunt.*
Cler. Shall I liue, and hee
Dead, that alone gaue meanes of life to me?
There's no disputing with the acts of Kings,
Reuenge is impious on their sacred persons:
And could I play the worldling (no man louing
Longer then gaine is reapt, or grace from him)
I should suruiue, and shall be wondred at,
(Though in mine owne hands being) I end with him:
But Friendship is the Sement of two mindes,
As of one man the soule and body is,
Of which one cannot seuer, but the other
Suffers a needfull separation. *Descend Ren.*
Ren. I feare your seruant, Madame: let's descend. *& Coun.*
Cler.

Cler. Since I could skill of man, I neuer liu'd
To pleaſe men worldly, and ſhall I in death,
Reſpect their pleaſures, making ſuch a iarre
Betwixt my death and life, when death ſhould make
The conſort ſweeteſt; th'end being proofe and crown
To all the skill and worth wee truely owne?
Guiſe, O my Lord, how ſhall I caſt from me
The bands and couerts hindring me from thee?
The garment or the couer of the minde,
The humane ſoule is; of the ſoule, the ſpirit
The proper robe is; of the ſpirit, the bloud;
And of the bloud, the body is the ſhrowd.
With that muſt I beginne then to vnclothe,
And come at th'other. Now then as a ſhip,
Touching at ſtrange, and farre remoued ſhores;
Her men a ſhore goe, for their ſeuerall ends,
Freſh water, victuals, precious ſtones, and pearle,
All yet intentiue when (the maſter cals,
The Ship to put off ready) to leaue all
Their greedieſt labours, leſt they there be left,
To theeues, or beaſts, or be the Countries ſlaues:
So, now my maſter cals, my ſhip, my venture
All in one bottome put, all quite put off,
Gone vnder ſaile, and I left negligent,
To all the horrors of the vicious time,
The farre remou'd ſhores to all vertuous aimes;
None fauouring goodneſſe; none but he reſpecting
Pietie or man-hood. Shall I here ſuruiue,
Not caſt me after him into the ſea,
Rather then here liue, readie euery houre
To feede theeues, beaſts, and be the ſlaue of power?
I come my Lord, Clermont thy creature comes. *Hee kils himſelfe.*

Enter Aumal, Tamyra, Charlotte.

Aum. What? lye and languiſh, Clermont? Curſed man
To leaue him here thus: hee hath ſlaine himſelfe.

Tam. Miſery on miſery! O me wretched Dame
Of all that breath, all heauen turne all his eyes,

In

In harty enuie, thus on one poore dame.

Char. Well done my Brother: I did loue thee euer,
But now adore thee: losse of such a friend
None should suruiue, of such a Brother;
With my false husband liue, and both these slaine:
Ere I returne to him, Ile turne to earth.

Enter Rencl leading the Countesse.

Ren. Horror of humane eyes, O Clermont D'Ambois!
Madame, wee staid too long, your seruant's slaine.

Coun. It must be so, he liu'd but in the Guise,
As I in him. O follow life mine eyes.

Tam. Hide, hide thy snakie head, to Cloisters flie,
In pennance pine, to easie tis to die.

Cler. It is. In Cloisters then let's all suruiue.
Madame, since wrath nor griefe can helpe these fortunes,
Let vs forsake the world, in which they raigne,
And for their wisht amends to God complaine.

Count. Tis fit and onely needfull: leade me on,
In heauens course comfort seeke, in earth is none. *Exeunt.*

Enter Henry, Espernone, Soissone, and others.

Hen. Wee came indeede too late, which much I rue,
And would haue kept this Clermont as my crowne.
Take in the dead, and make this fatall roome
(The house shut vp) the famous D'Ambois Tombe. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.